643. h. 19. 8.

THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT:

OR, THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS.

A COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL *in* Drury-Lane.

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

By *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;

Infælix, habitum temporis hujus habe. Ovid.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN WATTS, at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court*, near *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

MDCCXXXV.

[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

To His GRACE

CHARLES

DUKE of *Marlborough.*

My LORD,

THE unhappy Fate which theſe Scenes have met with, may to ſome make my Preſumption in offering them to your Protection, appear extravagant; but Diſtreſs puts on a different Face in your Grace's Eye, with whom I know it will plead in their Favour, that tho' they do not merit ſo great a Patron, they at leaſt want him.

To join the Torrent of Succeſs, to ſmile with Fortune, and applaud with the World, are within the Limits of an inferior Name,

and narrower Capacity. It has been the Glory of a Duke of *Marlborough* to ſupport the Falling, to protect the Diſtreſt, to raiſe a ſinking Cauſe, and (I will venture on the Expreſſion) to direct Fortune, inſtead of being directed by her.

But theſe are Lawrels, my Lord, which will to lateſt Ages flouriſh in the Hiſtorian, and the *Epick* Poet. Comedy looks no farther than private Life, where we ſee You acting with the ſame Spirit of Humanity that fired your Noble Anceſtor in Publick. Poverty has impoſed Chains on Mankind equal with Tyranny; and Your Grace has ſhewn as great an Eagerneſs to deliver Men from the former, as your Illuſtrious Grandfather did to reſcue them from the latter.

Thoſe who are happier than my ſelf, in your Intimacy, will celebrate your other Virtues; the Fame of your Humanity, my Lord, reaches at a Diſtance, and it is a Virtue, which never reigns alone; nay which ſeldom enters into a Breaſt that is not rich in all other.

DEDICATION.

I am ſure I give a convincing Proof, n how high a Degree I am perſuaded you oſſeſs this Virtue, when I hope your Par- lon for this Preſumption. But I will treſ- aſs no farther on it, than to aſſure You hat I am with great Reſpect,

My LORD,

Your Grace's Moſt Obedient,

Moſt Devoted Humble Servant,

Buckingham-Street,
Feb. 12.

HEN. FIELDING.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE cruel Uſage this poor Play hath met with, may juſtly ſurprize the Author, who in his whole Life never did an Injury to any one Perſon living. What could incenſe a Number of People to attack it with ſuch an inveterate Prejudice, is not eaſy to determine; for Prejudice muſt be allowed, be the Play good or bad, when it is condemn'd unheard.

I have heard that there are ſome young Gentlemen about this Town, who make a Jeſt of damning Plays — but did they ſeriouſly conſider the Cruelty they are guilty of by ſuch a Practice, I believe it would prevent them. Every Man who produces a Play on the Stage, muſt propoſe to himſelf ſome Acquiſition either of Pleaſure, Reputation, or Profit in its Succeſs: For tho' perhaps he may receive ſome Pleaſure from the firſt Indulgence of the Itch of Scribling, yet the Labour and Trouble he muſt undergo before his Play comes on the Stage, muſt ſet the Proſpect of ſome future Reward before him, or I believe he would decline the Undertaking. If Pleaſure or Reputation be the Reward he propoſes, it is ſure an inexcuſable Barbarity in any uninjured or unprovoked Perſon to defeat the Happineſs of another: But if his Views be of the laſt kind, if he be ſo unfortunate to depend on the ſucceſs of his Labours for his Bread, he muſt be an inhuman Creature indeed, who would out of ſport and wantonneſs prevent a Man from getting a Livelihood in an honeſt and inoffenſive Way, and make a jeſt of ſtarving him and his Family.

Authors, whoſe Works have been rejected at the Theatres, are of all Perſons, they ſay, the moſt inveterate; but of all Perſons I am the laſt they ſhould attack, as I have often endeavoured to procure the Succeſs of others, but never aſſiſted at the Condemnation of any one.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. *QUIN.*

BOLD is th' Attempt in this nice-judging Age,
To try at Fame, by pleaſing on the Stage.
So eager to Condemn us you are grown,
Writing, ſeems War declar'd againſt the Town.
Which ever way the Poet ſeeks Applauſe,
The Critick's ready ſtill to Damn his Cauſe.
If for new Characters he hunts abroad,
And boldly deviates from the beaten Road,
Or Monſters then Unnatural he deals;
If they are known and common, then he ſteals.
If Wit he aims at, you the Traps can ſhew;
If Serious, he is Dull; if Humourous, Low.
Some would maintain one Laugh thro'out a Play;
Some would be Grave, and bear fine Things away.
How is it poſſible, at once, to pleaſe
Taſtes ſo directly Oppoſite as theſe!
Nor be offended with us if we fear,
From us ——— Some ſeek not Entertainment here.
'Tis not the Poet's Wit affords the Jeſt,
But who can Cat-call, Hiſs, or Whiſtle beſt.
Can then another's Anguiſh give you Joy?
Or is it ſuch a Triumph to deſtroy?
We, like the fabled Frogs, conſider thus,
This may be Sport to you, but it is Death to us.
If any baſe Ill-Nature we diſcloſe,
If private Characters theſe Scenes expoſe,
Then we expect — For then we Merit Foes.
But if our Strokes be General and Nice,
If tenderly we aim to laugh you out of Vice,
Do not your Native Entertainments leave,
Let us at leaſt our Share of Smiles receive,
Nor while you Cenſure us, keep all your Boons,
For ſoft Italian *Airs, and* French *Buffoons.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Mr. Mondiſh,	Mr. *Quin.*
Mr. Gaylove,	Mr. *W. Mills.*
Captain Spark,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Sir Simon Raffler,	Mr. *Griffin.*
Colonel Raffler,	Mr. *Harper.*

WOMEN.

Lady Raffler,	Mrs. *Butler.*
Mrs. Raffler,	Mrs. *Heron.*
Clarinda,	Miſs *Holliday.*

SCENE, *London.*

THE
UNIVERSAL GALLANT:
OR, THE
DIFFERENT HUSBANDS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mr.* Mondiſh's *Apartment.*

Mr. Mondiſh, *with a Letter in his Hand, ſpeaking to a Servant.*

MONDISH.

HERE, carry this Letter to Mrs. *Raffler*.

Serv. Muſt I bring an Anſwer, Sir?

Mon. Yes, Sir, if you receive any ——— [*Exit Serv.*

And now let me read thee again, thou Picture of Womankind. [*Reads.*]

Sir,

I ſuppoſe you will be ſurpriz'd that a Woman, who hath ten guilty of ſo imprudent a Paſſion, ſhou'd ſo ſuddenly and aimly reclaim it — but I am at length happily convinc'd,

that you are the falsest of Mankind. Be assur'd, it is not in your Power to persuade me any longer to the contrary — wherefore I desire that henceforth all Familiarity may cease between us — And as you know me sensible how good a Friend you are to Mrs. Raffler, *you may easily believe the fewest Visits in the World, at this House, will be welcome to me. Farewell for ever.*

This Coldness is not the Resentment of an incens'd Mistress, but the Slight of an indifferent one — I am supplanted by some other in her Favour — Rare Woman, faith! the Sex grow so purely Inconstant, that a Gallant will shortly be as little able to keep a Woman to himself, as a Husband.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. Sir, Colonel *Raffler* has sent to know whether you are at home.

Mon. Yes, yes, — his Visit is opportune enough — I may likely learn from him, who this successful Rival is, by knowing who has visited his Wife most lately — nay, or by finding who is his chief Favourite — for he is one of those wise Men, to whose Friendship you must have his Wife's Recommendation, and so far from being jealous of your lying with her, that he is always suspicious you don't like her.

Enter Colonel Raffler.

Dear Colonel good-morrow.

Col. *Raff.* Oh, you're a fine Gentleman! a very fine Gentleman indeed! when we had sent after you all over the Town, not to leave your Bottle for a Party at *Quadrille* with the Ladies — you have a rare Reputation among 'em, I assure you — there is an irreconcilable Quarrel with my Wife — I have strict Orders never to mention your Name to her.

Mon. Ha, ha, ha! that is pleasant enough, Colonel, your Wife's Orders to you, who have the most obedient Wife in Christendom.

Col. *Raff*

Col. *Raff.* Yes, I thank Heaven, I am Maſter of my own Houſe.

Mon. Then I hope you will lay your Commands on her to forgive me.

Col. *Raff.* Well, well, I don't know but I may, ſince you ask it —— I am glad I ha' brought you to that —— I believe I have made up a hundred Quarrels between you, and cou'd never bring you to it before.

Mon. And yet I had Reaſon on my Side; had you been with us yourſelf, you wou'd not have left us for Cards.

Col. *Raff.* No, I hate 'em of all things in the World —— that's half my Quarrel to you, for I was forc'd to ſupply your Place.

Mon. I pity you heartily.

Col. *Raff.* Ay, and with my Wife.

Mon. True, a Wife often makes one's Pleaſure diſtaſteful, what is in itſelf diſagreeable ſhe muſt make very damnable indeed. But I wonder you, who are Maſter of your own Houſe, Colonel, don't baniſh Cards out of it, ſince you diſlike 'em ſo much.

Col. *Raff.* Why, that I have attempted to do, but then it puts my Wife ſo plaguily out of Humour, and that I can't bear —— beſides, Mr. *Mondiſh*, let me tell you a Matrimonial Secret —— Let a Man be never ſo much the Maſter of his Houſe, if his Wife be continually in an ill Humour, he leads but an uneaſy Life in't.

Mon. But methinks ſo good a Lady as yours, ſhou'd now and then give into the Sentiments of her Husband.

Col. *Raff.* Oh, no one readier; but then, you know, ſhe can't help her Temper: and if ſhe complies againſt her Will, you know, it is the more obliging in her; and then you know, if her Complaiſance makes her unhappy, and out of humour, and in the Vapours, a Man muſt be the greateſt of Brutes to perſiſt —— Beſides, my Wife is the moſt unfortunate Perſon in the World; for tho' ſhe loves me of all

things, and knows that seeing her in the Vapours, makes me miserable, yet I never deny'd her any one thing in the World, but, slap, it immediately threw her into 'em ——— If it was not for those cursed Vapours, we shou'd be the happiest Couple living.

Mon. Nay, faith, I believe you are.

Col. *Raff.* Truly, I believe we may; at least we have such a Picture of the contrary before our Eyes.

Mon. Who, Sir *Simon*, and his Lady?

Col. *Raff.* Ay, Sir *Simon*, call him any thing but my Brother, he's not a kin to me, I'm sure: for next to mine, he has the best Wife in the World; and yet he never suffers her to have an easy Hour from his cursed Jealousy. I intend to part Families, for there is no possibility of living together any longer ——— He affronted a Gentleman t'other Day, for taking up his Lady's Glove: And it was no longer ago than yesterday, that my Wife and She, were gone only to an Auction, Sir, only to an Action; (where, by the bye, they did not go to throw away their Money neither, for they bought nothing) when this cursed Brother of mine, finds 'em out, exposes 'em both, and forc'd 'em away home —— My House is an errant Garrison in time of War, no one enters or goes out, without being search'd; and if a lac'd Coat passes by the Window, his Eye is never off him, 'till he is out of the Street.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir *Simon Raffler*, Sir.

Col. *Raff.* Oh, the Devil! I'll be gone.

Mon. No, Colonel, that's unkind.

Enter Sir Simon.

Sir *Simon*, your most obedient Servant.

Sir *Sim.* Mr. *Mondish*, good-morrow! Oh Brother! are you here?

Col. *Raff.* How do you, Brother? I hope your Lady's well this Morning?

Sir *Sim.*

Sir *Sim.* Muſt you always ask impertinent Queſtions! A Husband is a proper Perſon indeed to enquire of about his Wife —— If you ask your own, when you ſee her next, ſhe will inform you, for I ſuppoſe they are gadding together.

Col. *Raff.* Sir *Simon*, you may behave to your own Lady as you pleaſe; but I deſire you not to reflect on mine.

Sir *Sim.* And you may let your Wife behave as ſhe pleaſes; but I deſire ſhe may be no Pattern to mine. I think one enough in a Family.

Col. *Raff.* One! I don't know what you mean, I don't underſtand you.

Mon. Oh, dear Gentlemen, let me beg there may be none of this Miſunderſtanding in my Houſe. You are both too hot indeed.

Col. *Raff.* I am appeas'd —— But let me tell you, Brother ——

Mon. Dear Colonel, no more — Well, Sir *Simon*, what News have you in Town?

Sir *Sim.* Nothing but Cuckoldom, Sir —— Cuckoldom ev'ry where. Women run away from their Husbands —— Actions brought in *Weſtminſter-Hall.* I expect, ſhortly, to ſee it made an Article in the News-papers, and Cuckolds ſince our laſt Liſt, as regularly inſerted as Bankrupts are now.

Col. *Raff.* Oh Lud, oh Lud! poor Man! poor Man! you make me ſick, Brother, indeed you do.

Sir *Sim.* And you'll make me mad, Brother, indeed you will.

Mon. Come, come, Gentlemen, let me reconcile this thing between you — Colonel, you know the exceſſive Jealouſy of Sir *Simon*'s Temper, and I wonder a Man of your excellent Senſe will think it worth your while to argue with him. [*Aſide to Col.* Raff.

Col. *Raff.* *Mondiſh* is certainly a Fellow of the beſt Senſe in the World. [*Aſide.*

Mon. Sir *Simon*, you know the Colonel's eaſy Temper ſo well, that I am ſurpriz'd one of your good Un-

derſtanding will reaſon with a Man, who will defend his Wife's running about this Town every Day.

[*Aſide to Sir* Simon.

Sir *Sim.* This Man has a moſt excellent underſtanding. [*Aſide.*

Mon. Come, come, Gentlemen, ſhake Hands and be Friends, and let us have no more Animoſities.

Col. *Raff.* With all my Heart.

Sir *Sim.* And mine — And now, Gentlemen, we are amongſt our ſelves, I believe I have my Honour, I am ſure of it, I don't ſuſpect I have it not. But I think it ought to be valued.

Mon. Doubtleſs, doubtleſs, Sir *Simon.*

Sir *Sim.* I am not one of thoſe jealous People that are afraid of every Wind that blows. A Woman may ſit by a Man once at a Play without any Deſign, and once a Year may go to Court, or an Aſſembly, nay, and may ſpeak to one of her Husband's He-Friends there; if he be a Relation, indeed, I ſhou'd like it better. But why all thoſe Curtſies to every Fellow ſhe knows? Why always running to that Church where the youngeſt Parſon is?

Mon. Why fond of Opera's, Maſquerades?

Sir *Sim.* I almoſt ſwoon at the Name.

Col. *Raff.* I ſhall, I'm ſure, if I ſtay any longer — ſo your Servant. [*Exit.*

Mon. Then that curſed Rendezvous of the Sexes, which are called Auctions.

Sir *Sim.* I thank Heaven there are none to day, I have ſearch'd all the Advertiſements.

Mon. But there are Shops, Shops, Sir *Simon.*

Sir *Sim.* I wiſh they were ſhut up with all my Heart! eſpecially thoſe Brothels the Milliners Shops, in which Cuckoldom is the chief Trade that is carry'd on.

Mon. Heyday! is the Colonel gone?

Sir *Sim.* I am glad of it, for truly I take no pleaſure in his Company. Mr. *Mondiſh*, you are a Man of Honour, and my Friend, and as you are intimate in the Family, muſt, I dare ſwear, have obſerved, with Concern, the multitude of idle young Fellows that ſwarm at

at our Houſe. There is one particularly, who almoſt lives there continually, and has, no doubt, behav'd before this, like a thorough fine Gentleman, and a Man of Gallantry.

Mon. Who is he, pray?

Sir *Sim.* Oh, a Fellow, who is never out of Lace and Embroidery — a tall ſtrapping, well-looking, ill-looking Raſcal! whom I wou'd as ſoon admit into my Family, as a Wolf into a Sheep-fold.

Mon. What is his Name?

Sir *Sim.* *Gaylove*, I think they call him — my Blood runs cold when I think of him.

Mon. Sir *Simon*, you need be under no Apprehenſion; for my Lady *Raffler* is a Woman of that Prudence and Diſcretion —

Sir *Sim.* Yes, Sir: But very prudent and diſcreet Women have made very odd Monſters of their Husbands. I had rather truſt to my own Prudence than Hers, I thank you.

Mon. Was I marry'd to that Woman, I ſhou'd be the moſt contented Man alive; for, on my Honour! I think ſhe ſurpaſſes the reſt of Womankind as much in Virtue as Beauty.

Sir *Sim.* Ha! what?

Mon. Nay more in my Opinion —— for to tell you a Truth, (which I know you will excuſe me for) I do not think her ſo handſome, as the reſt of the World think her.

Sir *Sim.* Nor I, neither — I am glad to hear you don't —— I began to be in a heat —— But, dear *Mondiſh*, tho' my Wife be, as you ſay, a virtuous Woman, and I know ſhe is, I am ſure of it; and was never Jealous of her in my Life: yet I take Virtue to be that ſort of Gold in a Wife, which the leſs it is try'd, the brighter it ſhines; beſides, you know, there is a Trouble in reſiſting Temptation, and I am willing to ſpare my Wife all the Trouble I can.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Captain *Spark* to wait on you.

Sir *Sim.* Who is he, pray?

Mon. A Relation of mine, a Courtier, and so fine a Gentleman, that (if you will believe him) he has had all the fine Women in Town.

Enter Captain Spark.

Cap. *Spark.* Dear Cousin *Mondish*, your very humble Servant, I only call to ask you how you do—for I can't stay ten Minutes with you——I have just left some Ladies, whom I have promis'd to meet in the Park——Hark'ye. [*Whispers* Mon.

Sir *Sim.* I hope my Wife is not one of 'em—a very Impudent-looking Fellow, this Courtier, and has, I warrant, as many Cuckolds in the City, as that has Debtors at Court.

Cap. *Spark.* The Devil take me if it is not the very Woman! but pray take her, I dangled after her long enough too. You must know, the last time I saw her was at an Assembly.

Sir *Sim.* That is another Name for a Bawdy-house. [*Aside.*

Cap. *Spark.* And there I piqued her most confoundedly, so that she vow'd she'd never speak to me again; and indeed she kept her Word, till yesterday I met her at an Auction—there was another Lady with her—at first she put on an Air of Indifference. O, ho! thinks I, are you at that Sport? I'll fit you, I warrant. So, Sir, I goes up to the other Lady, who happen'd to be her Sister, and an intimate Acquaintance of mine——But I ask pardon, this is a dull Entertainment to you, Sir. [*To* Sir *Sim.*

Sir *Sim.* Far from it, Sir; but I beg I may not be thought impertinent, if I ask whether this Lady was short or tall?

Cap. *Spark.* A short Woman, Sir.

Sir *Sim.* Then I am safe [*aside.*]——But perhaps some People think her tall.

Cap. *Spark.* Yes, Sir; I know several who think her so.

Sir *Sim.* I am on the Rack [*aside.*]—Sir, I ask ten thousand Pardons; but was she a brown or a fair Woman?

Cap. *Spark.*

Cap. *Spark.* Oh, Sir! no harm—She was a brown Woman, Sir.

Sir *Sim.* Rather inclining to fair.

Cap. *Spark.* Yes, a good deal inclining to fair.

Sir *Sim.* I am undone! if I was to ask her Name, ſhou'd hear my own—I will go tear her Eyes out—Mr. *Mondiſh*, your Servant! your Servant!

Mon. Be not in ſuch a hurry, Sir *Simon.*

Sir *Sim.* I am in a great hurry, Sir, your humble Servant! [*Exit.*

Cap. *Spark.* Pry'thee, dear Coz, what queer Fellow is that? Gad, I began to think he ſuſpected me with ſome Relation of his.

Mon. Faith, probable enough—for he wou'd ſuſpect a more unlikely Man than you.

Cap. *Spark.* Ha, ha! *George*, I believe I am ſuſpected in Town——I believe there are Women—I ſay no more, but I believe there are Women, I ſay no more.

Mon. And upon my Soul, I believe thou canſt ſay no more on thy own Knowledge. [*Aſide.*]

Cap. *Spark.* Here, here, you muſt not ask to ſee the Name. [*Pulls out ſeveral Letters.*] May I be curſt if this be not from a Woman of the firſt Diſtinction—Nay, if he's here, I muſt put it up again.

Enter Gaylove.

Gay. Good morrow, *George!* Ha! Monſieur *L'Spark!*

Cap. *Spark.* My dear *Gaylove*, how long haſt thou been in Town?

Gay. About a Fortnight, Sir.

Cap. *Spark.* *Mondiſh*, this is the beſt Friend I have in the World, if it had not been for him, I had dy'd of the Spleen in Country Quarters—I made his Houſe my own.

Gay. Upon my Honour he did, and ſo entirely, that if he had not been order'd away, I believe I ſhould ſhortly have given it him.

Cap. *Spark.* Thou art a pleaſant Fellow! but pr'ythee how do all the Girls? How do Miſs *Flirt*, and Miſs *Flareit*, Miſs *Caper*, Miſs *Liſp*, and my dear *Jenny Thump-floor?*

Gay.

Gay. All at your Service, Sir; but methinks you shou'd have ask'd after your dear *Clarinda.*

Cap. *Spark.* O! ay, *Clarinda!* how does she do upon my Soul I was fond of that Wench; but she grew so fond agen, that the World began to take notice of us, and yet if ever any thing pass'd between us, at least any thing that ought not, may I be—— But what signifies swearing——Come, I know you are a suspicious Rogue.

Gay. Far from it—I have always defended you both. For as I am confident she wou'd not grant any thing dishonourable, so I am confident thou wou'dst not take it.

Mon. And if you will be Evidence for the Lady, I will for the Gentleman.

Cap. *Spark.* Your Servant, your Servant, my dear Friends; you have made me a Compliment at a cheap Rate, I shall not risque your Consciences; yet in my Sense of the Word *dishonourable*, you might swear it, for I positively think nothing dishonourable can pass between Man and Woman.

Mon. Excellent Doctrine indeed!

Gay. I am not of your Opinion: For I think it very dishonourable in a fine Gentleman to solicit Favours from a Lady, and refuse accepting 'em when she wou'd grant 'em.

Cap. *Spark.* O! a sad Dog! ha, ha, ha!

Mon. Unless it be not in his Power to accept 'em, *Gaylove.* The bravest Fellow may be beaten, you know, without Loss of Honour.

Cap. *Spark.* Well, well! you may suspect what you please—You poor Devils that never had any thing above a Sempstress, make such a Rout about the Reputation of a Woman a little above the ordinary Rank: You make as much Noise in Town about a Man's having a Woman of Quality, as they wou'd in the Country if one had run away with a Justice of Peace's eldest Daughter——Now, to me, Women of Quality are like other Women.

Gay. Thou know'st no Difference, I dare swear.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lady *Fop-hunter*'s Coach is at the Door.

Cap. *Spark.* She has ſent it for me; I am to call on her at Lady *Sightly*'s——Damn her! I wiſh ſhe had forgot the Appointment——*Gaylove*, will you go with me?

Gay. No, excuſe me.

Cap. *Spark.* Well, Gentlemen, I hope you will excuſe me too——ſo, I'm your very humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Mon. I wiſh thou hadſt been here ſooner, I have had ſome rare Diverſion this Morning: here have been Sir *Simon* and the Colonel, and have quarrel'd about their Wives. But what is better ſtill, the noble Captain juſt now departed, hath ſent Sir *Simon* away fully perſuaded that he has an Affair with his Wife.

Gay. Then we ſhall have it in the Afternoon at Mrs. *Raffler*'s Tea-Table.

Mon. I think you live there, *Gaylove*.

Gay. I have pretty much lately; for, to let you into a Secret, *George*, I have a Miſtreſs there.

Mon. What has the Captain infected you, that you are ſo open-hearted; or is this a particular Mark of your Confidence in me?

Gay. Neither. It is impoſſible it ſhould be a Secret long, and I am not aſham'd of having an honourable Paſſion for a Woman, from which I hope to reap better Fruits than the Captain uſually propoſes from his Amours.

Mon. I rather fear thou wilt find worſe. Theſe ſort of Gentlemen are the only Perſons who engage with Women without Danger. The Reputation of an Amour is what they propoſe, and what they generally effect: for, as they indulge their Vanity at the Price of all that is dear to a Woman, the World is good-natur'd enough to make one Perſon ridiculouſly happy, at the Expence of making another ſeriouſly miſerable.

Gay.

Gay. Hang 'em! I believe they skreen more Reputations than they hurt———I fancy Women, by an affected Intimacy with these Fellows, have diverted the World from discovering a good substantial Amour in another Place.

Mon. Do you think so? then I wou'd advise you to introduce my Kinsman, here, to Mrs. *Raffler*.

Gay. Are there Reputations there, then, that want Cloaks?

Mon. Ha, ha, ha!

Gay. Nay, pr'ythee tell me seriously, for the Duce take me, if these two Years Retirement hath not made me such a Stranger to the Town———

Mon. Then, seriously, I think there is no Cloak wanted, for a fond, credulous Husband, is the best Cloak in the World. And if a Man will put his Horns in his Pocket, none will ever pick his Pocket of 'em—If he will be so good as to be very easy under being a Cuckold, the good-natur'd World will suffer his Wife to be easy under making him one.

Gay. A Word to the Wise, *George*—But, faith! thou hast inform'd me of what I did not suspect before.

Mon. The Wise do not want a Word to inform them of what they knew before.

Gay. What dost thou mean?

Mon. Then, in a word, my close Friend, this mighty Secret, which you have discover'd to me, I knew some time before. Nay, and I can tell you another thing—the World knows it.

Gay. Let 'em know it. I am so far from being asham'd of my Passion, that I'm vain of my Choice.

Mon. Ha, ha, ha! this is excellent in a Fellow of thy Sense! I shall begin shortly to look on the Captain as no extraordinary Character——Vain of your Choice! Ha! ha! ha! now am I vain of my Good-nature—for I cou'd so reduce that Vanity of yours!—

Gay. I suppose thou art prepar'd with some cool Lecture of modern Oeconomy. I know thee to be one of those who are afraid to be happy out of the Road of right Wisdom—I tell thee, *George*, let the World

say

ay what they will, there is more true Happineſs in the Folly of Love, than in all the Wiſdom of Philoſophy.

Mon. Ha! ha! ha!

Gay. It is the faſhion of the World to laugh at a Man who owns his Paſſion, and thou art a a true Follower of the World.

Mon. Thou art a follower of the World, I am ſure. You muſt be modeſt indeed, to be aſham'd of your Paſſion, ſince you have ſuch Multitudes to keep you in Countenance.

Gay. So much the better. Rivals keep a Man's Paſſion up; it gives continual new Pleaſure in the Arms of a Miſtreſs, to think half the Coxcombs in the Town are ſighing for what you are in Poſſeſſion of.

Mon. Ay, faith, and the Gallant has a Pleaſure ſometimes to think a Husband is in Poſſeſſion of what he is weary of.

Gay. How the happy Man triumphs in his Heart, when he ſees his Woman walking thro' a Crowd of Fellows in the Mall, or a Drawing-Room, ſome ſighing, ſome ogling; all envying him: And retiring immediately to toaſt her at the next Tavern.

Mon. When he wiſhes himſelf, as heartily as they do themſelves, with her, which perhaps ſome of them are, in their Turn. And I wou'd not have you too ſure that may not be your Caſe.

Gay. Pugh! you have heard *Spark* talk of her, I ſuppoſe; or heard her talk'd of for *Spark*—I ſhou'd be no more jealous of her with him, than with one of her own Sex—Now, in my Opinion, a Squirrel is a more dangerous Rival than a Beau; for he is equally liable to ſhare your Miſtreſs's Perſon, and more liable to ſhare her Heart.

Mon. Why, this is a good credulous, marriageable Opinion, and wou'd ſit well on a Husband.

Gay. Well! and I ſee no Terrors in that Name.

Mon. Nor I neither. I think it a good, harmleſs Name. Beſides, the Colonel is a rare Inſtance of the contrary. If a Man can be happy in Marriage, I dare

ſwear

ſwear he is—his Wife is young, handſome, witty, and conſtant——in his Opinion.

Gay. And that is the ſame as if ſhe were ſo in Reality——for, if a Man be happy in his own Opinion, I ſee little Reaſon why he ſhou'd trouble himſelf about the World's.

Mon. Or ſuppoſe ſhe were inconſtant, if ſhe is fond of you while you are with her, why ſhou'd you like her the leſs? I don't ſee why he is not as ſelfiſh who wou'd love by himſelf, as he who wou'd drink by himſelf——Sure he is a nice and a dull Sot, who quarrels with his Wine, becauſe another drinks out of the ſame Cask. Nay, perhaps, it were better to have two or three Companions in both, and wou'd prevent the Glaſs coming round too faſt.

Gay. Thou art in a ſtrange whimſical Humour to Day. I fancy ſomething has diſturb'd you.

Mon. No, faith! Tho' ſomething has happen'd which might have diſturb'd another——I have been diſcarded this Morning. Here's my Diſcharge, do you know the Hand? [*Giving the Letter.*

Gay. Hum—— *I ſuppoſe you will be ſurpriz'd——Woman—Imprudent—a Paſſion—Convinc'd—falſeſt of Mankind.*——

Mon. His Countenance does not alter—He does not know her Hand ſure. [*Aſide.*

Gay. [*Reading.*] *Friend you are to—Mrs.* Raffler—the Devil!

Mon. What think you now?

Gay. Think! that thou art a happy Man.

Mon. I hope, then, you will not interfere with my Happineſs.

Gay. Not I, upon my Honour.

Mon. Thou art an obliging, good-natur'd Fellow; and now, I will wait on you where you pleaſe to Dinner.

Gay. I have a ſhort Viſit to make, but will meet you any where at Three.

Mon. At the Key and Garter, if you pleaſe.

Gay. I will be there, adieu. [*Exit. Mon.*

Mon. This cool Reception of my Letter ill agrees ith the warm Profeſſions he made before. Nor did ſhew a ſufficient Surprize—ſhe certainly had ac-ainted him with it———it is natural to ſuppoſe, her ar, that I might diſcover it to him, might ſet her trying to be beforehand. And yet this Behaviour *Gaylove* is not agreeable to his Nature, which, I now to be rather too open. I will find the bot-om of this out——I will ſee her in the Afternoon y ſelf——Damn her! I was weary of the Affair, d ſhe has found out the only way to renew my agerneſs———the whole Pleaſure of Life is Pur-uit.

Our Game tho' we are eager to embrace,
The Pleaſure's always over with the Chace.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Sir Simon's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Raffler, *and Mrs.* Raffler.

La. *Raff.* NEVER tell me, Siſter, it is notorious that a Woman of my Virtue and Diſ-cretion, and Prudence, ſhou'd be eternally tormented with the Suſpicions of a jealous-pated Husband.

Mrs. *Raff.* I own it, but I only propoſe to you the beſt Method to quiet them. You cannot alter his Nature, and if you wou'd condeſcend to flatter it a little, you wou'd make your Life much eaſier.

La. *Raff.* I flatter it! I aſſure you, I ſhan't. If my Virtue be not clear enough of it ſelf, I ſhall uſe no Art to make it ſo———muſt I give a Husband an Account of all my Words and Actions? muſt I ſa-tisfy his groundleſs Fears? I am no ſuch poor ſpirited Wretch; and I ſolemnly declare, if I knew any one thing

thing that wou'd make him more jealous, than another, I wou'd do it.

Mrs. *Raff.* Then you wou'd do wrong, my Dear, and only revenge your Husband's Jealousy on yourself.

La. *Raff.* Sister, Sister, don't preach up any of your Maxims to me. If the Colonel was of Sir *Simon*'s Temper, you wou'd lead a worse Life than I do.

Mrs. *Raff.* Indeed, you are mistaken; if my Husband was as jealous, and as cunning as the Devil, I wou'd engage to make an arrant Ass of him.

La. *Raff.* You wou'd make another sort of a Beast of him.

Mrs. *Raff.* I don't tell you that. But if I shou'd, he had better be so, than suspect it—— his Horns wou'd hurt him less on his Forehead than in his Eyes.

La. *Raff.* I wonder you can talk such stuff to me, I can't bear to hear it, the very Name of a Whore makes me swoon; if any Set of Words cou'd ever raise the Devil, that single one wou'd do more than all.

Mrs. *Raff.* Dear Sister, don't be so outrageously virtuous.

La. *Raff.* It wou'd be well for you, if the Colonel had a little of Sir *Simon*'s Temper. I can't help telling you there are some Actions of your Life, which I am far from approving.

Mrs. *Raff.* Come, don't be censorious. I never refuse giving my Husband an Account of any of my Actions, when he desires it—and that is more than you can say.

La. *Raff.* My Actions give an Account of themselves, I am not afraid of the World's looking into 'em.

Mrs. *Raff.* Take my Word for it, Child, pure Nature won't do, the World will easily see your Faults, but your Virtues must be shewn artfully, or they will be discover'd. Art goes beyond Nature: and a Woman who has only Virtue in her Face, will pass much better thro' the World, than she who has it only in her Heart.

La. *Raff.*

La. *Raff.* I don't know what you mean, Madam, I am ſure my Conduct has been always careful of Appearances; but as for the Suſpicions of my Husband, I deſpiſe; and neither can nor will give my ſelf any Trouble about 'em.

Mrs. *Raff.* Soh! here he comes, and I ſuppoſe we ſhall have the uſual Dialogue.

Enter Sir Simon.

Sir *Sim.* Your Servant, Ladies! why you are at home early to Day. What, cou'd you find no Diverſions in Town? Is there no Opera-Rehearſal, no Auctions, no Mall?

La. *Raff.* No, none: Beſides, my Siſter had a mind to be at home.

Sir *Sim.* You need not have ſaid that, my Dear, I ſhou'd not have ſuſpected you.

La. *Raff.* I think, I ſeldom give you Reaſon of ſuſpecting my Fondneſs for my own Houſe.

Sir *Sim.* No, nor of any thing elſe. I am not jealous of you, my Dear.

La. *Raff.* It wou'd give me no Uneaſineſs, if you was.

Sir *Sim.* I am not jealous even of Captain *Spark.*

La. *Raff.* Captain *Spark!* who is he?

Sir *Sim.* Tho' he is a very pretty Gentleman, and is very agreeable Company.

La. *Raff.* I long to ſee him mightily. Won't you invite him hither, my Dear?

Sir *Sim.* Why ſhou'd I invite him, when you can meet him at an Auction as well?——Beſides, it ſeems, he is not proper Company for me, or you would not have ſhuffled him away yeſterday, when I came. You need not have taken ſuch Care to hide him, I ſhou'd not have been jealous of him, my Dear.

Mrs. *Raff.* This muſt be ſome ſtrange Chimera of his own: no ſuch Perſon was with us. [*Aſide.*

La. *Raff.* No, my Dear, I know you wou'd not, tho' he is a very pretty Fellow.

Sir *Sim.* The Devil take all such pretty Fellows! with all my Heart and Soul. [*Aside.*

La. *Raff.* Don't you know, Sister, he is the most witty, most entertaining Creature in the World?

Mrs. *Raff.* Think whom so?

La. *Raff.* Oh, the Captain,— Captain,— what's his N me?

Sir *Sim.* Captain *Spark*, Madam. I'll assist you.

La. *Raff.* Ay, Captain *Spark.*

Mrs. *Raff.* I know no Captain *Spark*, nor was any such Person with us yesterday.

La. *Raff.* Don't believe her, my Dear.

Sir *Sim.* No, my Dear, I shall not, I assure you. But do you think this Right, my Dear?

La. *Raff.* What, Right?

Sir *Sim.* Why being particular with an idle, rakehelly young Fellow.

La. *Raff.* Sir *Simon*, I shall not have my Company prescrib'd to me by any one. I will keep what Company I please, I shall answer to the World for my Actions.

Sir *Sim.* Yes, Madam, I am to answer to the World for your Actions too—— I am most concern'd to see that you act right, since I must bear the greater Part of the Shame, if you don't.

La. *Raff.* Sir, this is a Usage I can't bear, nor I won't bear! trouble not me with your base, groundless Suspicions: I believe the whole World is sensible how unworthy you are of a Woman of my Virtue; But, henceforth, when ever any of these Chimeras are rais'd in your Head, I shall leave you to lay them at your Leisure. [*Exit.*

Sir *Sim.* Is not this intolerable? is not this insufferable! This is the comfortable State that a Man is wish'd Joy of by his Friends: And yet no Man wishes a Man Joy of being Condemn'd, or of getting the Plague. But when a Man is marry'd, Give you Joy, Sir, cries one Fool, I wish you Joy, says another; and thus the Wretch is usher'd into the Gallies, with the same Triumph as he cou'd be exalted with to the Empire of the Great *Mogul.* Mrs. *Raff.*

Mrs. *Raff.* You your ſelf make it ſo, Brother: if you had leſs Jealouſy in your Temper, or Lady *Raffler*, more Complaiſance, you might be very happy—You torment your ſelf with groundleſs Fears, and ſhe depends on her own Innocence, and will not quiet them. This was the Caſe juſt now: for whatever put this Captain *Spark* into your Head, I will take my Oath, ſhe ſpoke to no ſuch Man at the Auction.

Sir *Sim.* You are a truſty Confident, I find——— but I had it from his own Mouth.

Mrs *Raff.* What had you from his own Mouth?

Sir *Sim.* What! why that my Wife was a tall Woman.

Mrs. *Raff.* Ha, ha, ha! a very good Reaſon to be jealous indeed.

Sir *Sim.* Yes, Madam, and that ſhe was a fair Woman.

Mrs. *Raff.* Well, and———Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Sim.* Look ye, Siſter, if he had told me this at firſt, I ſhou'd not have regarded it: but I pumpt it out of him. He is a very cloſe Fellow, and proper to be truſted with a Secret, I can tell you; for he told me juſt the contrary; but Truth will out, Siſter: beſides, did you not hear my Wife confeſs it?

Mrs. *Raff.* That was only in Revenge, to plague you.

Sir *Sim.* A very charitable good ſort of Lady, truly.

Mrs. *Raff.* I wiſh ſhe was of my Temper, Brother, and wou'd give you Satisfaction in every thing——— For my part, I own, if I was your Wife, your Jealouſy would give me no Pain, and I ſhould take a Pleaſure in quieting it: I ſhou'd never be uneaſy at your enquiring into any of my Actions——I ſhou'd rather take it for a Proof of your Love, and be the fonder of you for it.

Sir *Sim.* Yes, Madam, but I do not deſire my Wife ſhou'd be like you, neither.

Mrs. *Raff.* Why ſo, Brother? what do you diſlike in me?

Sir *Sim.* Truly, Madam, that Rendezvous of Fellows you continually keep at your Houſe, and which, if your Husband was of my Mind———

Mrs. *Raff.* He wou'd be Jealous of, I ſuppoſe.

Sir *Sim.* Particularly, that tall Fellow, who breakfaſts here, dines here, ſups here, and I believe lies here, or will lie here very ſhortly.

Mrs. *Raff.* Hold, Brother, I deſire you wou'd not grow ſcurrilous; no wonder, my Siſter can't bear with this curſed Temper of yours.

Sir *Sim.* What can a marry'd Woman mean by an Intimacy with any other but her Husband?

Mrs. *Raff.* What's that to you, Brother? who made you the Inquiſitor of my Actions? Do you think to call me to an Account, as you do your Wife? Oh! if I was marry'd to ſuch a jealous——— If I did not give him enough of his Jealouſy in one Week, if I did not make him heartily weary on't———

Sir *Sim.* Oh rare! this is the Woman that wou'd take a Pleaſure in ſatisfying her Husband's Doubts.

Mrs. *Raff.* Look ye, Sir *Simon*, your Temper is ſo intolerable, that you are the By-word of every one; the whole Town compaſſionates my Siſter's Caſe, and if I was ſhe, if a virtuous Woman cou'd not content you, you ſhou'd have your Content another way—— If you wou'd have an Account of every thing I did, I wou'd do ſomething worth giving you an Account of.

Sir *Sim.* I believe it, I eaſily believe it. It is very plain, who is my Wife's Counſellor——— But I ſhall take care to get ſome better Advice; for I will not be a Cuckold if I can help it, Madam.

Enter Clarinda.

Cla. There's my poor Lady *Raffler* within in the moſt terrible way—— She has taken a whole Bottle of Hartshorn to keep up her Spirits. It has thrown me into the Vapours, to ſee her in ſuch a Condition, and ſhe won't tell me what's the matter with her.

Mrs. *Raff.* Can you have liv'd a Fortnight in the Houſe,

House, and want to know it? Sir *Simon* has abus'd her in the most barbarous manner. You are a wicked Man.

Cla. I am sure she is one of the best Women in the World.

Mrs. *Raff.* Any one but a Brute might be happy with such a Wife.

Cla. He that can't, I am sure can be happy with no Woman.

Mrs. *Raff.* Oh! that I had but a jealous Husband for one Month.

Cla. Heav'n forbid, I shou'd ever have one.

Sir *Sim.* So the Enemy is reinforc'd, and Bravery can hold out no longer.

Cla. Dear Uncle, you shall go and comfort her, and ask her Pardon.

Mrs. *Raff.* She is too good, if she forgives such base Suspicions.

Cla. I am sure she never gave you any Reason for them. I don't believe, she wou'd do any thing to bring her Conduct into Question for the World.

Mrs. *Raff.* She is too cautious. If I was in her Case, I'd make the House too hot for him.

Sir *Sim.* So it is already. Who's there? bring my Chariot this Instant, or if that be not ready, get me a Chair, get me any thing, that will convey me away.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. *Gaylove* desires to know if you are at Home.

Mrs. *Raff.* Yes, I shall be glad to see him.

Sir *Sim.* Heav'n be prais'd, my Wife is not in a Condition to see Company. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Raff.* Here's a Picture of Matrimony for you, dear *Clarinda*; what say you now to a Coach and Six with such a Husband?

Cla. That I had rather walk on Foot all the Days of my Life.

Mrs. *Raff.* What Difference is there between

Mr. *Gaylove*'s Temper, and your Uncle's! how happy wou'd a Woman be with him.

Cla. I am not ſure of that——Men often appear before Marriage different Creatures from what they are after it— Beſides, there is ſomething in him ſo——ſomething ſo——In ſhort, ſomething in him I don't like, and of all Women in the World, I ſhall never envy Mrs. *Gaylove*.

Mrs. *Raff.* That's a Lye, I am ſure [*Aſide.*] Nay, the Man is agreeable enough, he is genteel.

Cla. I don't think ſo.

Mrs. *Raff.* He has a great deal of Wit.

Cla. Then he has Wiſdom enough to keep it to himſelf.

Mrs. *Raff.* And the beſt-natur'd Creature in the World.

Cla. It is very good-natur'd in you to think him ſo.

Mrs. *Raff.* Ha, ha, ha! Indeed and ſo it wou'd. For I have been only telling you the Opinion of the World. In my own, he has none of theſe Qualities: And I wonder how the World came ever to give them to him.

Cla. So do I, if he does not deſerve them; for the World ſeldom errs on that ſide the Queſtion.

Mrs. *Raff.* And yet it does in him. For to me, he is the moſt agreeable Creature on Earth.

Cla. Well, I cannot be of your Opinion——there is ſomewhat in his Countenance when he ſmiles, ſo extremely good humour'd; I love dearly to ſee him ſmile, and you know he's always a ſmiling——and his Eyes laugh ſo comically, and have ſo much Sweetneſs in them. Then he is the moſt entertaining Creature upon Earth, and I have heard ſome very good-natur'd Actions of his too. The World, I dare ſwear, does not think one whit better of him than he deſerves.

Mrs. *Raff.* Oh, ſay you ſo, Madam?

Enter

Enter Gaylove *and* Mondiſh.

Oh! here he is—— Are you there too?

Gay. Ladies, your Servant—— To find Mrs. *Raffler* at Home, and without Company at this high viſiting Seaſon, is ſo ſurpriſing———

Mrs. *Raff.* Lard, I ſuppoſe you think us like thoſe Country Ladies you have lately convers'd with, who never owe a Viſit at the Weeks-End to any of their Husband's Tenant's Wives——— Do you think we have nothing elſe to do in this ſweet Town, but to ride about the Streets, to ſee if the Knockers of the People's Doors are faſt—— Indeed you have here and there a Country-Gentlewoman (her Husband being ſent up to Parliament for the Sake of his Country, and the Deſtruction of his Family) who drives regularly round the Town to ſee the Streets, and her Acquaintance and Relations, that ſhe may know when ſhe may be ſure of meeting ſome one to curtſie to at the Drawing-Room. And once a Week very charitably gives her Horſes Reſt at the Expence of her Wax-Candles; when ſhe ſits in her own Dining-Room, Chair-Woman of a Committee of Fools, to criticize on Faſhions, and regiſter the Weather.

Gay. But, I think, it is pity ſo good a Cuſtom is left off; if it were only for the better Propagation of Scandal.

Mrs. *Raff.* What ſignifies Scandal, when no one is aſham'd of doing what they have a mind to?

Gay. Yes, there is ſome Pleaſure in ſpreading it, when it is not true. For tho' no one is aſham'd of doing what they have a mind to, they may be aſham'd of being ſuppos'd to do what they have no mind to.

Mrs. *Raff.* I know very few People who are aſham'd of any thing.

Mon. I believe, Madam, none of your Acquaintance have any Reaſon for that Paſſion.

Mrs. *Raff.* Are you ſure of that?

Mon. None who have at preſent that Honour at leaſt——For I have that good Opinion of you, that

ſuch a Diſcovery wou'd ſoon baniſh them from it.

Mrs. *Raff.* That, I believe, you have ſeen a very late Inſtance of.

Cla. Well, ſince you are ſo ſollicitous about the Song, if you will go with me to the Spinet, you ſhall hear it. My playing, Madam, I am ſure, is not worth your hearing. But ſince this Creature will not let me be at quiet——

Mrs. *Raff.* Lard, Child, I believe you do not want ſo much Entreaty. I think one can never be at quiet for you, and your Muſick.

Cla. Madam, I ask your Pardon. Come, Mr. *Gaylove.* [*Exeunt.*

Mon. I receiv'd a Letter from you this Morning, Madam, but of a Nature ſo different from ſome I have had from you, that I cou'd wiſh your Hand had been counterfeited.

Mrs. *Raff.* To ſave you the Trouble of a long Speech, I ſent you a Letter, and the laſt I ever intend to ſend you; ſince I find it has not the Effect, I deſir'd, which was to prevent my ever ſeeing your Face again.

Mon. So cruel a Baniſhment, ſo ſudden, and ſo unexpected, ought ſurely to have ſome Reaſons given for it.

Mrs. *Raff.* Ask your own Heart, that can ſuggeſt 'em to you.

Mon. My Heart is conſcious of no other, than what is too often a Reaſon to your Sex, for exerciſing all manner of Tyranny over us: Too much Fondneſs—

Mrs. *Raff.* Fondneſs! Impudence! to pretend Fondneſs to a Woman, after a Week's Neglect— Did I not meet you at an Aſſembly, where you made me a Bow as diſtant as if we had been ſcarce acquainted, or rather, as if we were weary of our Acquaintance?

Mon. Was not that hundred-eyed Monſter of Jealouſy, Sir *Simon*, with you? Do you object my Care of your Reputation to wa[illegible]neſs?

Mrs. *Raff.* The old Excuſe for Indifference. I wonder Men have not contriv'd to make it Scandalous for their Wives to be ſeen with 'em, that they might have an Excuſe to them too: 'Tis likely indeed that you ſhou'd have more care of my Reputation than I myſelf: It was not the Jealouſy of my Husband, but my Rival you was aware of; and yet you was not ſo tender of her Reputation, but that I diſcover'd her.

Mon. Excellent Juſtice! For ſince I am to be puniſh'd for your Falſehood, it is but juſt I ſhou'd be convicted of it. My Sweet! what wou'd I give to believe what you are endeavouring to perſuade me —— Come, I will aſſiſt you with all my force of Credulity; for was your Opinion of my Falſhood real, I would give you ſuch convincing Proofs to the Contrary ——— But your Love to another, is no more a Secret to me, than it is that I owe to that your Slights, your Letter, and your cruel, unjuſt Accuſation.

Mrs. *Raff.* Inſupportable Inſolence! A Husband may plead a Title to be Jealous; our Love is his Due —— But a Wretch who owes his Happineſs to our free Gift ———

Mon. Faith, I think otherwiſe. Love to an Huſband is a Tradeſman's Debt, the Law gives him the Security of your Perſon for it; but Love to a Gallant is a Debt of Honour, which every Gentlewoman is oblig'd to pay — It wou'd be a Treaſure indeed finely beſtow'd on ſuch a Husband as yours.

Mrs. *Raff.* I am henceforth reſolv'd to give it to no other. I am ſo much oblig'd to his good Opinion, I ſhou'd hate myſelf if I did not try to deſerve it — and by thinking me honeſt he ſhall keep me ſo.

Mon. He muſt know leſs than I, who is ſo impos'd on. But you ſhall not keep my Rival a Secret from me, be aſſur'd you ſhall not —— I'll haunt you with that conſtant Aſſiduity, you ſhall not ſpeak to a Man without my Knowledge —— You ſhall find that the Jealouſy of twenty Husbands is not equal to that of one abus'd Gallant.

Mrs. *Raff.* Villain! was it not you that ruin'd me, that deceiv'd me, that robb'd me of my Virtue?

Mon. How have I robb'd you? How deceiv'd you? Have I not paid you the Price of your Virtue, Eternal Conſtancy? Have I not met your Paſſion ſtill with freſh Deſires? Has not each ſtolen Meeting been a Scene of Joy, which eager Bridegrooms might envy? What have I done to diſoblige you; or what has another done to oblige you more? Have I been outbid in Fondneſs? Has ſome freſh Lover burnt with warmer Paſſion? Has ſome Beau dreſt himſelf into your Heart, or ſome Wit talk'd himſelf into it? Be generous and confeſs what has ruin'd me in that dear Boſom, and do not cruelly throw it on a poor harmleſs Huſband.

Mrs. *Raff.* Good-manners ſhou'd oblige you to mention him with more Civility to me.

Mon. And after what has paſs'd between us, I think you ſhou'd mention him to me with leſs. Beſides, I think you have ſometimes been of my Opinion.

Mrs. *Raff.* Women, you know, are ſubject to Change, and I may think better of him, as well as worſe of you.

Mon. This is trifling with my Paſſion, the cruelleſt Inſult you can put upon it —— But I will find out my Rival, and will be reveng'd.

Mrs. *Raff.* Reveng'd! Ha, ha!

Enter Colonel Raffler.

Mon. Death and Torments!

Col. *Raff.* Heyday! What are they acting a Tragedy?

Mrs. *Raff.* And how will you be reveng'd, ſweet Sir, if you ſhou'd find him out ——— or why ſhou'd you deſire it? The Man acts like a Man, and does by you, as you have done by another.

Mon. This Uſage wou'd juſtify any thing. My own Honour ſecures me, Madam.

Mrs. *Raff.*

Mrs. *Raff.* I hope you wou'd not tell my Huſband —— but he wou'd not believe it if you did.

Mon. Hark ye, Madam, the Town will ——

Col. *Raff.* Hold, hold, I muſt interpoſe —— If you will Quarrel let it be at a diſtance —— What will I not believe? I'll tell you what I believe; that you are in the wrong.

Mrs. *Raff.* Ay, ay, you will take his Part, to be ſure.

Col. *Raff.* Mr. *Mondiſh* is a Friend of mine, and it is ſtrange that you are eternally Quarrelling with all my Friends.

Mrs. *Raff.* I deſire then, Sir, you wou'd keep your Friends to yourſelf, for I ſhall not endure their Impertinence: So I'll leave you together —— But I muſt tell your Friend one thing before I go, that I deſire I may never ſee his Face again —— [*Exit.*

Col. *Raff.* All this a Man muſt bear that is marry'd.

Mon. Ay, and a great deal more than this too.

Col. *Raff.* Why, it is true — and yet have a good Wife —— I have the beſt Wife in the World, but Women have Humours.

Mon. Pox take their Humours! Let their Husbands bear 'em. Muſt we pay the Price of another's Folly? —— In ſhort, Colonel, I am the moſt unfit Perſon in the World, for that gentle Office you have aſſign'd me, of entertaining your Lady in your Abſence. Beſides, I'll tell you a Secret — It is impoſſible to be very intimate and well with a Woman, without making Love to her.

Col. *Raff.* Well; and why don't you make Love to her? Ha, ha! make Love to her, indeed! She'd Love you, I believe, ſhe'd give you enough of making Love.

Mon. Why do you think no one has made Love to her then?

Col. *Raff.* I think nothing, I am ſure no one ever has, for I am ſure if they had, ſhe wou'd have told me. Perhaps that's a Secret you don't know, that ſhe never kept one Secret from me in her Life. I am certain

tain, if it were poſſible for her to make me a Cuckold ſhe wou'd tell me on't; and it is an excellent thing to have ſuch a Security, that one is not one —— Dear *Mondiſh* do — make Love to my Wife, let me beſeech you.

Mon. Excuſe me, dear Colonel —— but I'll do as well, I'll recommend one to you that ſhall.

Col. *Raff.* Ay, who is he?

Mon. What think you of Mr. *Gaylove*? Beſide, I believe it will pleaſe your Lady better.

Col. *Raff.* Ha, ha, ha! I cou'd die with laughing. Ha! ha, ha! this is the Man now that knows the World, and Mankind, and Womankind. You have happen'd to name the very Man whom ſhe deteſts of all Men breathing. She told me ſo this very Morning.

Mon. Then I am ſatisfy'd. Damnation and Hell! Now can I ſcarce forbear telling this Fellow he is a Cuckold to his Face — 'Sdeath I have hit of a Way. [*Aſide.*] Hark'e, Colonel, you have put a very pleaſant Conceit into my Head. I think I have heard you ſay, that you have a great Pleaſure in ſeeing the Diſdain your Lady ſhews to all Mankind —— Now I have the ſame Pleaſure —— Suppoſe therefore it was poſſible to work up *Gaylove* to make his Addreſſes to her, and you and I cou'd convey ourſelves where we might ſee her treat him as he deſerves.

Col. *Raff.* I like it vaſtly: How I ſhall hug myſelf all the while, I know exactly how ſhe will behave to him. I ſhall certainly die with Pleaſure; let me tell you, my Dear, let me tell you, there is a great deal of Pride in having a virtuous Wife.

Mon. If Brilliants were not ſcarce they would not be valuable: And Virtue in a Wife perhaps may be valu'd for the ſame reaſon.

Col. *Raff.* But do you think he can be brought to it?

Mon. I warrant him, he has Vanity enough to be eaſily perſuaded that a Woman may be fond of him,

and

nd Gallantry enough not to let her Fondneſs be thrown way.

Col. *Raff.* I am charm'd with the Contrivance. ut he muſt never know that I knew any thing of the latter. I ſhan't know how to behave to him if he ou'd.

Mon. You may learn from half your Acquaintance. low many Husbands do we ſee careſſing Men, whoſe ntrigues with their Wives, they muſt be blinder than arkneſs itſelf not to ſee! It is a civil Communica- ve Age we live in, Colonel. And it is no more a reach of Friendſhip to make uſe of your Wife, than f your Chariot.

Col. *Raff.* It is a deviliſh Cuckolding Age, that's the ruth on't, and Heaven be prais'd I'm out of Faſhion.

Mon. Ay, there's the Glory —— Wealth, Power, v'ry thing is known by Compariſon —— were all Women Virtuous, you wou'd not taſte half of your leſſing. The Joy, the Pride, the Triumph is to ſee

The Ills a Neighbour in a Wife endures,
And have a Wife as good and chaſte as yours.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Street..*

Mondiſh, Gaylove.

Gay. AND art thou really in earneſt? and art thou perfectly ſure, ſhe has this Paſſion for me?

Mon. Thou art blind thyſelf or thou muſt have diſ- cover'd it, all her Looks, Words, Actions betray it.

Gay. Thou art a nice Obſerver, *George*, and perhaps n this Caſe, your own Paſſion may heighten your uſpicions; I know thy Temper is inclin'd to Jea- louſy.

Mon.

Mon. Far from it; I never doubt the Affection of a Woman while she is kind, nor ever think any more of 'em when she grows otherwise. Women undoubtedly are Blessing to us, if we do not, our selves make 'em otherwise. I have just Love enough to affect 'em in giving me Pleasure, but not to put it in their power to give me Pain; and I cou'd with as much Ease see thee in the Arms of Mrs. *Raffler*, as of any Woman in Town.

Gay. Wou'd'st thou? She's young, handsome, and witty, and faith! I cou'd almost as soon wish myself there. 'Tis true, I have an honourable Engagement, but a Man's having settled his whole Estate, shou'd not prevent his being charitable, *George.*

Mon. Especially when what he bestows does not hurt his Estate.

Gay. Very true; therefore if I was sure the Lady was in Necessity, I don't know how far my Good-Nature might carry me, for the Devil take me if I am not one of the best-natur'd Creatures in the World.

Mon. I think I am acting a very good-natur'd part too; a Man is oblig'd in honour to provide for a Cast Mistress, but I do more, I provide for a Mistress who has cast me off.

Gay. I begin to suspect thou hast some Design of making me an Instrument in your Reconciliation; I don't see how my Addresses can be of any Use to you, but if they can, they are at your Service.

Mon. I thank you with all my Heart; they serve me at least, so far, as to discover whether you are my innocent Rival, or whether I am to seek for him elsewhere: besides, if you are really the Person, and don't care to be charitable, as you call it, by playing Captain *Spark* with her, you may pique her back again to me.

Gay. Ha, ha, ha!

Mon. Prithee what do'st thou laugh at?

Gay. To see so cool a Lover as thou art, who cares for a Woman no longer than she is kind, take such Pains to get her again, after she has jilted you.

Mon.

Mon. Pſhaw! that — I — well ——

Gay. Ha, ha, ha!

Mon. You are merry, Sir,—— But I wou'd not have you think that I have any Love for her —— She has hurt my Pride; 'tis that, and not my Love that I want to cure —— Damn her! If I had her but in my Power; cou'd I but triumph over her, I ſhou'd have the End of my Deſires, and then, if her Husband, or the Town, or the Devil had her, it wou'd give me no Pain.

Gay. I dare ſwear thou wilt uſe thy Power very gently. I ſhall ſup there this Evening, and if I have an Opportunity with her, I'll do thee all the Service I can, tho' I can't promiſe to behave exactly up to the Character of Captain *Spark*, if ſhe ſhou'd be very kind.

Mon. Well, make uſe of your Victory as you pleaſe.

Gay. But methinks you take a prepoſterous Way. Wou'd it not be better to alarm her with another Miſtreſs?

Mon. That, perhaps, I intend too.

Gay. I have overſtay'd my time with you, —— beſides I ſee one coming for whoſe Company I have no great Reliſh —— So, your Servant. [*Exit.*

Mon. Whom? O, Sir *Simon.* I'll avoid him too.

Enter Sir Simon.

Sir *Sim.* Mr. *Mondiſh*, Mr. *Mondiſh* —— is there any thing frightful in me, that you run away from me? I fancy my Horns are out, and People think I ſhall hurt at 'em —— As for that handſome Gentleman, who ſneak'd off ſo prettily, I ſhall not go after him, — and I wiſh I may have ſeen the laſt of him with all my Heart —— Is he an Acquaintance of yours, pray? for I ſaw you ſpeak to him.

Mon. Ay, Sir *Simon.*

Sir *Sim.* I am ſorry for it, I am ſorry you keep ſuch Company.

Mon. How ſo, Sir *Simon*? he's a Man of Honour, I hope.

Sir *Sim.*

Sir *Sim.* Oh, a Man of very nice Honour, I dare answer for him, and one who lies with every Man's Wife he comes near.

Mon. Indeed I fear he has been guilty of some small Offences that way.

Sir *Sim.* Small Offences! and yet to break open a House, or rob on the Highway are great Offences. A Man that robs me of five Shillings is a Rogue, and to be hang'd; but he that robs me of my Wife, is a fine Gentleman, and a Man of Honour.

Mon. The Laws shou'd be severer on these Occasions.

Sir *Sim.* The Laws shou'd give us more Power over our Wives. If a Man was to carry his Treasure about openly among Thieves, I believe the Laws wou'd be very little Security to him.

Mon. And as to prevent Robbing they have put down all Night-houses, and other Places of Rendezvous, so to prevent Cuckoldom, we shou'd put down all Assemblies, Balls, Operas, Plays, in short, all the Publick Places.

Sir *Sim.* Ay, ay, Publick Places, as they call 'em, are intended only to give People an Opportunity of getting acquainted, and appointing to meet in Private Places.

Mon. An Assembly, Sir *Simon*, is an Exchange for Cuckoldom, where the Traders meet, and make their Bargains, and then adjourn to a private Room to sign and seal.

Sir *Sim.* Mr. *Mondish*, I know you are my Friend there has been a long Acquaintance and Friendship between our Families, I shall tell you, therefore, what I wou'd not tell any other Living. I have not the least Jealousy in my Temper, but I have a Wife that wou'd make the Devil Jealous —— Oh, here comes the Man I have been looking after.

Mon. Sir *Simon*, your humble Servant.

Sir *Sim.* Nay, but stay a Moment.

Mon

Mon. I have buſineſs of Conſequence, and can't poſſibly —— Your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Sir *Sim.* Well, your Servant.

Enter Captain Spark.

What in the Name of Miſchief is he reading? A Letter from my Wife, I ſuppoſe.

Cap. *Spark.* Sir, your moſt humble Servant —— I think I had the Honour of ſeeing you at my Couſin *Mondiſh*'s this Morning.

Sir *Sim.* Yes Sir, and I ſhou'd be glad to have the Honour of ſeeing you hang'd this Afternoon. [*Aſide.*

Cap. *Spark.* Pray, Sir, what's a Clock? becauſe I have an Engagement at Six.

Sir *Sim.* Oh, Sir, it wants conſiderably of that; but perhaps your Engagement is with a Lady, and that makes the Time longer.

Cap. *Spark.* Why, faith! to be ſincere with you, it is; but I beg you wou'd not mention that to any body; tho' if you ſhou'd, as long as you don't know her Name, there's no Reputation hurt.

Sir *Sim.* I ſuppoſe, Captain, it is ſhe whom you met at the Auction.

Cap. *Spark.* How the Devil came you to gueſs that?

Sir *Sim.* Well, but I have gueſs'd right.

Cap. *Spark.* I am not oblig'd to tell —— but this I will tell you, Sir, you have a very good knack at gueſſing. And yet I will ſhew you her Chriſtian Name, and lay you a Wager you don't find out her Sirname.

Sir *Sim.* *Anne*, the Devil! It is not my Wife's Hand, but it is her Name.

Cap. *Spark.* Hold, Sir, that is not fair.

Sir *Sim.* Let me but ſee the two firſt Letters of her Sirname.

Cap. *Spark.* To oblige you, you ſhall —— but if you ſhou'd gueſs afterwards, you are a Man of Honour.

Sir *Sim.* Sir, I am ſatisfy'd. — I am the happieſt Man in the World —— dear Captain, I give you ten

thouſand Thanks. You have quieted my Curioſity. I thought, by your Deſcription this Morning, you had meant another Lady.

Cap. *Spark.* Whom did you think?

Sir *Sim.* Really I thought the Lady's Name was *Raffler*, whom you deſcrib'd.

Cap. *Spark.* Mrs *Raffler*, indeed, ha, ha!

Sir *Sim.* Why, do you know Mrs. *Raffler?*

Cap. *Spark.* Know her, Ay, who the Devil does not know her?

Sir *Sim.* What, what, what do you know of her?

Cap. *Spark.* Pugh, know of her! ha, ha! Lard help you, know of her indeed —— and with a grave face, as if you had never heard any thing of us two.

Sir *Sim.* My Brother is an errant downright Cuckold. I never was better pleas'd with any News in my Life.

Cap. *Spark.* Is ſhe a Relation of yours, that you are ſo anxious?

Sir *Sim.* No, Sir, no, no Relation of mine, upon my Honour —— I have ſome Acquaintance with a Lady of her Name, one Lady *Raffler.*

Cap. *Spark.* Ay, that's a good one too.

Sir *Sim.* What, do you know my Lady *Raffler?*

Cap. *Spark.* Yes, I think I do. Ha, ha, ha —— faith! I remember that Woman, a very fine Woman; nay, ſhe's well enough ſtill, I can't help ſaying I like her better than her Siſter.

Sir *Sim.* I ſuppoſe you have had 'em both.

Cap. *Spark.* Who I? ha, ha, ha! no, no, neither of 'em; you are the moſt Suſpicious Perſon, tho' I believe the World has talk'd pretty freely. But, ha, ha! the World you know is a cenſorious World, and yet Pox take the Women! they owe more Diſcoveries to their own Imprudence. I never had a Woman fond of me in my Life, that was able to conceal it; if I had had her, it might have been a Secret for me.

Sir *Sim.* Well, Sir, it is no Secret, I aſſure you —— ten thouſand Devils take 'em both! [*Aſide.*

Cap. *Spark.* I defy any one to ſay he ever heard me brag of my Amours, and yet I have had a few.

Sir *Sim.*

Sir *Sim.* And you have had Lady *Raffler* then?

Cap. *Spark.* No, that's too much to own.

Sir *Sim.* Not at all; no one is aſham'd to own their Amours now —— fine Gentlemen talk of Women of Quality, in the ſame manner as of their Laundreſſes. Beſides it is known already, you may own it, eſpecially to me; for it ſhall go no farther, I aſſure you.

Cap. *Spark.* Well then, in Confidence that you are a Man of Honour, I will own it to you; yes, yes, I have, I have had her.

Sir *Sim.* Wou'd the Devil had had you. Now, if I had the Spirit of a Worm, I wou'd beat this Fellow to Death; but I think I have Spirit enough to beat my Wife. She ſhall pay for all; and that immediately. Your Servant.

Cap. *Spark.* I hope you won't diſcover a Word, ſince I place ſuch Confidence in you.

Sir *Sim.* Never fear me, Sir —— I am much beholden to your Confidence, I am very much beholden to you. Cuckolds! Horns! Daggers! Fire and Furies! [*Exit.*

Cap. *Spark.* The Gentleman ſeems in a Paſſion. Now don't I know what in the World to do with my ſelf. —— hum, hum, I hear *Clarinda*'s in Town, I'll go try if I can't find her out. If I follow her but one Fortnight here, the World will give me her for ever. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to Sir* Simon's *Houſe.*

Enter Gaylove, Clarinda.

Cla. And ſo you have told Captain *Spark* I am in Town, I am very much oblig'd to you.

Gay. It ſhews you, at leaſt, I am not of Sir *Simon's* Temper, not inclin'd to Jealouſy.

Cla. No; People are never jealous of what's indifferent to them.

Gay. Faith, I have no Notion of being ſo at all; for if there can be no Jealouſy without Fondneſs, I am ſure

I cou'd never be fond of any Woman who wou'd give me Reaſon to be jealous.

Cla. Yes, but ſome Men are Jealous without Reaſon.

Gay. And ſome Men are fond without any Reaſon. The Lover who can be the one, gives you ſhrewd Cauſe of Suſpicion, that he may afterwards prove the other.

Cla. Well, then I think I may ſuſpect you will one Day or other prove the moſt Jealous Husband in the Univerſe.

Gay. I'll ſuffer you to ſpeak what you don't think of your ſelf, ſince you juſt now ſpoke what you don't think of me, at leaſt, what if I was aſſur'd you did think of me, I ſhou'd be the moſt miſerable Creature breathing.

Cla. Hum! that may be my Caſe too, I'm afraid. [*Aſide.*

Gay. I hope my Actions hitherto have convinc'd you of the Contrary; but if they have not, I deſire no greater Happineſs than to compleat your Conviction by an undeniable one —— nor do I ſee any Reaſon, if Indifference be not on your Side, why you any longer deny me the Opportunity of giving it you.

Cla. I ſee you have a Mind to divert yourſelf.

Gay. Oh, *Clarinda!* Diverſion is too poor a Word for my Deſires, they aim at ſuch a Heighth of Happineſs, ſuch tranſcendent Joys, yet none but what this dear Breaſt ſhou'd be a partaker of.

Enter Lady Raffler, *and Mrs.* Raffler.

La. *Raff.* Heyday! What are you at Romps, good People? I deſire none of theſe Games may be carry'd on in my Houſe —— If you have been bred up in the Country to ſuffer theſe indecent Familiarities, I deſire you wou'd leave 'em off, now you are under my Roof.

Gay. I hope, Madam, I ſhall under no Roof offer any thing which this Lady may not juſtifiably ſuffer.

La. *Raff.* Give me, Sir, leave to be Judge what ſhe ought to ſuffer. There's no Good ever comes of Romping and Palming: I never gave my Hand to any Man without a Glove —— except Sir *Simon.*

Mrs. *Raff.*

Mrs. *Raff.* I wonder, *Gaylove*, how you can bear Girls Company. Your Wit is thrown away upon 'em; but all you Creatures are ſo fond of green Fruit.

Gay. So, I think, ſhe has giv'n me my Cue. [*Aſide.*

Cla. Lard, Madam, I know ſome Girls are as good Company as any Women in *England.*

Mrs. *Raff.* Indeed, Mrs. Pert, are you attempting to ſhew your Wit?

Gay. She ſhews her Bravery, Madam, in attacking the very Woman of her Sex that has the moſt.

Mrs. *Raff.* I fancy, then, ſhe has more Bravery than you have, Sir.

Gay. Gad, I am afraid ſo too. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Raff.* Fy, fy, that a Man, celebrated for his Wit, ſhou'd put his Wit to a Girl.

Cla. I am no ſuch Girl, Madam, I don't ſee why a Man ſhou'd not put his Wit to a Girl, as well as to any one; as contemptuouſly as you ſpeak of Girls, I have known ſome Girls that have Wit enough to be too hard for moſt Men.

Mrs. *Raff.* Upon my Word, Madam, you ſeem to come on finely, I don't know but you may be a very good Match for him.

La. *Raff.* Upon my Word, if I miſtake not, you come both very finely on —— Well the forwardneſs of ſome Women! [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Raff.* Look ye, Sir, I am too generous to inſult a Man, who already appears to have been vanquiſh'd; but if you dare meet me another time, this will give you Inſtructions where I am to be found.

[*Aſide. Giving him a Letter.*

Cla. I am aſtoniſh'd at her Impudence! —— I can't bear it, to take him away from me before my Face—— I hate him too. He might be rude to her; he muſt be ſure it wou'd have pleas'd me.

La. *Raff.* I deſire the Converſation may be more general —— here's ſuch whiſpering, Siſter, I am ſurpriz'd at you. This Particularity with a young Fellow is very indecent.

Enter Sir Simon.

Sir *Sim.* Your Servant, Ladies, your very humble Servant. What, but one poor Gentleman amongſt you all? and he too of our own Family, for I think he does us the Honour of making this Houſe his own.

Gay. I have indeed, Sir, lately done myſelf that Honour.

Sir *Sim.* Oh, Sir, you are too obliging —— you are too complaiſant indeed —— you miſplace the Obligation —— We are infinitely beholden to you, that you will take up with ſuch Entertainment as this poor Houſe can afford —— And I aſſure you, you are very welcome to every thing in it —— Every thing.

Gay. Sir, I know not how to return this Favour; but I aſſure you there is that in it, that will make me the happieſt of Mankind.

Sir *Sim.* That's my Wife, I ſuppoſe ——— I ſhall have him ask her of me in a very little time; and he is a very civil Fellow if he does ——— for moſt of the Raſcals, about this Town, take our Wives without asking us.

La. *Raff.* I hope, my Dear, you are in a better Humour than when you went out to day.

Sir *Sim.* Oh, my Dear, I am in a pure good Humour; I am quite ſatisfy'd in my Mind.

Enter Servant. Whiſpers Gaylove.

Gay. Mr. *Mondiſh*, ſay you?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Mrs. *Raff.* Mr. *Gaylove*, you ſup here, I hope.

Gay. There's no fear, Madam, of my failing ſo agreeable an Engagement. [*Exit.*

Sir *Sim.* Yes, my Dear, I am ſo happy, ſo eaſy, ſo ſatisfy'd, the Colonel himſelf does not go beyond me. I have not the leaſt Doubt or Jealouſy, and if I was to ſee you and your Siſter in two Hackney Coaches with each a young Fellow, I ſhou'd think no more Harm than I do now.

La. *Raff.*

La. *Raff.* Indeed, my Dear, I ſhall never give you the Tryal.

Sir *Sim.* Indeed I believe thee, my Dear, thou art too prudent.

La. *Raff.* How happy ſhall I be if this Change in your Temper continue. ——— But pray what has wrought it ſo ſuddenly?

Sir *Sim.* What ſatisfies every reaſonable Man, I am convinc'd, I have found it out.

La. *Raff.* What, my Dear?

Sir *Sim.* Why, my Dear, that I am a very honeſt, ſober, faſhionable Gentleman, very fit to have a handſome Wife, and to keep civil Company. ——— And that you are a very fine, faſhionable, good-humour'd Lady, fit to be marry'd to a good honeſt Husband, and mighty proper for any Company whatſoever.

Mrs. *Raff.* This begins to have an ill Aſpect.

La. *Raff.* I don't underſtand you.

Sir *Sim.* Nor Captain *Spark* neither, I dare ſwear.

La. *Raff.* What do you tell me of Captain *Spark* for?

Sir *Sim.* You don't know him, I warrant you.

La. *Raff.* Perhaps I do, what then?

Sir *Sim.* Nay, it is but grateful in you, not to deny your Acquaintance with a Gentleman who is ſo fond of owning an Acquaintance with you.

La. *Raff.* I hope I am acquainted with no Gentleman who is aſham'd of owning it.

Sir *Sim.* Look ye, Madam, he has told me all that ever paſt between you.

La. *Raff.* Indeed! then he has a much better Memory than I have, for he has told you more than I remember.

Mrs. *Raff.* Brother, this is ſome curſed Suſpicion of yours; ſhe has no ſuch Acquaintance, I am confident; ſhe had, I muſt have known it.

La. *Raff.* There is no Occaſion for your denying it, Siſter, I think Captain *Spark* a very civil, well-behav'd Man, and I ſhall converſe with him, in ſpite of any Jealous Husband in *England*. (Tho' I never ſaw this Fel-

low in my Life, I am reſolv'd not to deny his Acquaintance, were I to be hang'd for it.) [*Aſide.*

Cla. If all Perſons have my Opinion of him, I think there is not more innocent Company upon Earth.

Sir *Sim.* Oh, ho, you are acquainted with him too, and I dare ſwear, if I had ask'd him, he has had you too.

Mrs. *Raff.* In ſhort, Sir *Simon*, you are a Monſter, to abuſe the beſt of Wives thus the! Town ſhall ring of you for it.

Sir *Sim.* And *Weſtminſter-Hall* ſhall ring too, take my Word for it.

Enter Colonel Raffler.

Col. *Raff.* How now? What's the Matter?

Mrs. *Raff.* The Matter! the Matter, my Dear, is that Sir *Simon* is a Brute, and has abus'd my poor Siſter for her Intimacy with a Man whom ſhe never ſaw.

Sir *Sim.* Nor you never ſaw neither?

Mrs. *Raff.* Never to my Knowledge, as I hope to be ſav'd.

Sir *Sim.* You never ſaw Captain *Spark?*

Mrs. *Raff.* No, never.

Col. *Raff.* Who gives you an Authority to enquire, pray?

Sir *Sim.* The Care of your Honour, Sir, —— nay don't look ſtern at me, Sir, for we are both ——

Col. *Raff.* What! what are we both?

Sir *Sim.* Captain *Spark*'s very humble Servants —— a Couple of uſeful Perſons which no fine Gentleman ſhould be without.

Col. *Raff.* Who is this Captain *Spark*, Siſter, do you know him?

La. *Raff.* Look ye, Brother, ſince you ask me; I will do that to ſatisfy you, which he never ſhou'd have extorted from me. Upon my Honour I do not know him.

Mrs. *Raff.* Nor I, upon mine.

Col. *Raff.* Now are not you aſham'd of your ſelf? Can you ever look the World in the Face again, if this were known in it? If you was not my own Brother,

ſhou'd know how to deal with you, for your Suſpicions of my Wife. However, I inſiſt on it, you immediately ask her Pardon, and if you have any Honour, you will do the ſame to your own.

Sir *Sim.* I ask their Pardon!

Col. *Raff.* Ay, are you not fully convinc'd of being in the wrong? Have they not both ſolemnly atteſted, that they know no ſuch Perſon?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Ladies, Captain *Spark*'s below.

Sir *Sim.* Who? who? who? [*very eagerly.*

Serv. Captain *Spark.*

Sir *Sim.* Tol, lol, lol, Brother, your Servant—Ladies, your Servant—I ask pardon, I ask a thouſand Pardons — toll, lol, lol; I believe I am at this Moment the merrieſt Cuckold in the Univerſe.

Cla. Pray, deſire the Captain to walk in.

Sir *Sim.* Now, Brother, I am a jealous-pated Fool; I ſuppoſe, I am in the Wrong, I am convicted, they don't know him. If a Woman was to tell me the Sun ſhone at Noon-day, I wou'd not believe it.

Col. *Raff.* Well, here's a Gentleman come to wait upon my Neice, and what of that?

Enter Captain Spark.

Sir *Sim.* 'Tis he, 'tis he, tol, lol, lol.

Cap. *Spark.* Miſs *Clarinda*, your moſt obedient Servant. Ladies, your moſt humble Servant—Oh, Sir, I did not expect to meet you here.

Sir *Sim.* No, I believe you did not. [*Aſide.*

Cap. *Spark.* If I had known you had been in Town ſooner, Madam, I ſhou'd have done my ſelf the Honour before.

Cla. And now, perhaps, this Viſit is not to me, but to the Ladies.

Cap. *Spark.* Really Madam, theſe Ladies I have not the Honour to be acquainted with.

Col. *Raff.* Oh, your Servant, Brother, I ask your Pardon——who is convicted now?

La. *Raff.*

La. *Raff.* Unleſs at an Auction, Captain; I have ſeen you there.

Cap. *Spark.* Madam, you do me too much Honour yes, Madam, I have indeed had the Happineſs——tho the Devil take me, if I know when or where.

Sir *Sim.* Oh, I thought they wou'd know one another by and by.

La. *Raff.* I think you laid out a great deal o' Money that Morning, Captain——— You bid for almoſt every thing.

Cap. *Spark.* Yes, Madam, I am a pretty good Cuſtomer to 'em generally. Either I have a damn'd ſhort Memory, or this Lady wants a good one.

Mrs. *Raff.* I think, Captain, I ought to be affronted, you don't remember me too, for I was at the ſame Place with my Siſter.

Cap. *Spark.* Madam, I ask ten thouſand Pardons. Your moſt obedient Servant, Madam. Hark'e Sir, will you be ſo good as to tell me, what theſe Ladies Names are, for I have poſitively forgot.

Sir *Sim.* I am ſurpriz'd at that, Sir; why, Sir, that is my good Lady, my Lady *Raffler*——for your Favours to whom, I am very much oblig'd to you; and the other, Sir, is Mrs. *Raffler*, Wife to that Gentleman, who is as much oblig'd to you for your Civilities to her.

Cap. *Spark.* Soh, I'm in a fine way, faith——Oh, curſe on my lying Tongue! if I get well out of this Amour, I will never have another as long as I love.

Sir *Sim.* Look ye, Sir, as for me, I'm an honeſt, ſober Citizen, and ſhall take my Revenge another way; but my Brother here, is a fighting Man, and will return your Favour as fighting Men generally do return Favours, by cutting your Throat. Hark'e Brother, you don't deſerve it of me, yet I muſt let you know, that this Gentleman aſſur'd me to Day, that he had done you the Favour with your Wife.

Mrs. *Raff.* With me!

Col. *Raff.* What Favour?

Sir *Sim.*

Sir *Sim.* The Favour, the only Favour which fine Gentlemen do ſuch Sort of People as us; but be not rejected, Brother, I am your Fellow-ſufferer, he has had my Wife too, he confeſs'd it to my Face.

Cap. *Spark.* Not I, upon my Soul, Sir——a likething I ſhou'd ſay that I had an Amour with a Woman that I never ſaw before, to my Knowledge!

Sir *Sim.* And have you the Aſſurance to deny to my Face——

Cap. *Spark.* I think, Sir, your Aſſurance is greater, to aſſert a thing to my Face, which I never ſaid; I never nam'd either of the Ladies in my Life.

Sir *Sim.* What, Sir! did you not mention Mrs. *Raffler's* Name?

Cap. *Spark.* Mrs. *Raffler!* Oh, then it is out—— What a Confuſion had the Miſtake of a Name like to have occaſion'd? Ladies, I am under the greateſt Concern, that I ſhou'd be ev'n the innocent Occaſion of the leaſt Uneaſineſs to you. But I believe, Sir, I ſhall find yours, when I have put my ſelf to the Bluſh, by confeſſing that it was only a *Dutch* Lady of Pleaſure, whom I knew in *Amſterdam*, that caus'd your Jealouſy.

Sir *Sim.* What! and did not you name my Lady *Raffler* too?

Cap. *Spark.* Yes, ſometimes ſhe is call'd Mrs. *Raffler*, and ſometimes my Lady *Raffler*.

Col. *Raff.* An impudent Jade! ha, ha, ha! ay, it's common enough with 'em to have ſeveral Names and Titles—— Come, come Brother, all you have to do, is to ask Pardon of the Gentleman, and your Wife and mine—— Are not you aſham'd to put all the Company into this Confuſion, becauſe there is a Woman of the Town, who wears the ſame Name with your own Wife?

Sir *Sim.* A Man has ſome Reaſon for Confuſion; tho' let me tell you, when a Gentleman, who does not know him, tells him to his Face, that he has lain with a Woman, who wears the ſame Name with his Wife. And I think he may be excus'd, if he thinks ſhe wears the ſame Cloaths too.

Col. *Raff.*

Col. *Raff.* Sir, I am very ſorry, any thing of th Nature ſhou'd happen.

Cap. *Spark.* Oh, Sir, things of this Nature are uſual with me, I beg no Apology.

Sir *Sim.* Pleaſe Heav'n! I'll make a Voyage to *Holland*, and ſearch all the Bawdy-houſes in *Amſterdam* but I will find out whether there be ſuch a Woma or no.

Col. *Raff.* Come, Brother, ask the Gentleman's Pa don——I am aſham'd of you.

Sir *Sim.* Well, Sir, (I don't know how to do it) I have injur'd you, I ask your Pardon; and yet I can help thinking ſtill, it was my Lady *Raffler* you men tion'd, and I believe you ſpoke Truth too.

Cap. *Spark.* Sir, I can eaſily forgive you ſuſpectin me to be the happieſt Perſon upon Earth; if you hav this Lady's Pardon, you have mine.

Sir *Sim.* What, is the Raſcal making love to her be fore my Face? But I won't give him an Opportunit of cutting my Throat before hers; for I wou'd no willingly give her ſo much Pleaſure.

Cla. I believe, Madam, the Captain will make fourth at Quadrille.

Cap. *Spark.* You honour me too much, Madam but if you will bear with a very bad Player——

La. *Raff.* Tho' I hate Cards, I will play with him if it be only to torment my Husband.

Mrs. *Raff.* This is opportune enough——I will ſe 'em together, and ſhall ſoon get ſome one to hold m Cards, while I go to a better Appointment. Come, i you will follow me, I'll conduct you to the Cards. [*Exe*

Manent Sir Simon, *and Colonel* Raffler.

Sir *Sim.* This is mighty pretty, mighty fine, truly This is a rare Country, and a rare Age we live in where a Man is oblig'd to put his Horns in his Poc ket, whether he will or no.

Col. *Raff.* Fye upon you, Brother, fye upon you For you, who have one of the moſt virtuous Women in the World to your Wife, to be thus tormenting

your

ur ſelf and her, your Friends and every one, with oſe groundleſs Suſpicions, ſuch unheard of Jea-uſies!

Sir *Sim.* Sir, you injure me, if you call me jealous; have not a Grain of Jealouſy within me. I am not deed ſo fooliſhly blind as you are.

Col. *Raff.* And you injure me, if you think I am t jealous; I am all over Jealouſy, and if there was t the leaſt Occaſion to ſhew it———

Sir *Sim.* Occaſion! why is not your Wife at this ry Inſtant at Cards with a young Fellow?

Col. *Raff.* Well, Sir, and is not your Wife with her?

Sir *Sim.* Sore againſt my Will, I aſſure you——— Vhat, I ſuppoſe, you are one of thoſe wiſe Men, who ink one Woman is a Guard upon another——— low, it is my Opinion, that a Plurality of Women nly tend to the making a Plurality of Cuckolds. hieves, indeed, diſcover one another, becauſe the Diſ-overer often ſaves his Life by it——— But Women o not ſave their Reputations after the ſame manner, nd therefore every Woman keeps her Neighbour's ecret, in order to have her own kept.

Col. *Raff.* Pſhaw! Sir, I don't rely upon this, nor hat, nor t'other, I rely upon my Wife's Virtue.

Sir *Sim.* Why truly Sir, that is not relying upon his, nor that, nor t'other, for it is relying upon othing at all.

Col. *Raff.* How, Sir! don't you think my Wife irtuous?——Now Sir, to ſhew you to your Confu-on, what an excellent Creature this is, I gave her ave once to go to a Maſquerade, and follow'd her ither my ſelf, where tho' I knew her Dreſs, I did ot find her,——and where do you think ſhe was? here do you think this good Creature was? but at upper in private, with a poor Female Relation of ers, who keeps a Milliner's Shop at St. *James*'s.

Sir *Sim.* O Lud! O Lud! O Lud!——and are you, rother, really wiſe enough to think ſhe was there—— r if ſhe was there, do you think ſhe was alone, with is poor Female Relation? who is a Relation of mine too,

too, I thank Heav'n, and is, I dare ſwear, as uſeful a Woman as any in the Pariſh of St. *James's*.

Col. *Raff.* Brother, you are———

Sir *Sim.* What am I, Brother?———

Col. *Raff.* I can bear this no longer, You are—I need not tell you, you know what you are——

Sir *Sim.* And I know what you are too, you are a Cuckold, and ſo am I, I dare ſwear——Notwithſtanding this Evaſion of the Captain's, however, ſhall not reſt ſo——If I am what I think, I will make an ample Diſcovery of it; tho' if I was to find them in one another's Arms, the poor Husband would always be found in the Wrong.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Sir Simon's *Houſe.*

Mondiſh, *Colonel* Raffler.

Col. *Raff.* HA, ha, ha! This is excellent, this is delightful; and ſo the poor Dog fell into the Trap at once, and is abſolutely perſuaded my Wife is fond of him.

Mon. That he is, I'll be anſwerable for him.

Col. *Raff.* How purely ſhe'll uſe him, I would not be in his Coat for a conſiderable Sum; my only Fear is, that ſhe'll do him a Miſchief,——Lord, Lord! how far the Vanity of young Men will carry them. Methinks too he is not acting the handſomeſt Part by me all this while, I think I ought to cut his Throat ſeriouſly.

Mon. Oh, fye, Colonel, don't think of any thing of that Nature, you know we have drawn him into it

, and really Mrs. *Raffler* is ſo fine a Woman, that ich a Temptation is not eaſily reſiſted.

Col. *Raff.* That's true, that's true, ſhe is a fine Woman, a very fine Woman, I am not a little vain f her.

Mon. And ſo chaſte, ſo conſtant, and ſo virtuous a Woman, Colonel.

Col. *Raff.* They are Bleſſings indeed, very great leſſings! I beg this thing may be kept a ſevere Se-ret. For I ſhould never be able to look her in the ace again, if ſhe ſhou'd diſcover it, ſhe wou'd ne-er forgive me.

Mon. For my own Sake, Colonel, you may depend pon my keeping it a Secret. [*looks on his Watch.*] y, it is now the Hour of Appointment, ſo if you ill, we will go round the other way, to the Clo-et.

Col. *Raff.* With all my Heart; I can't help hug-ing my ſelf with the Thought.

Mon. You will ſee more People hugg'd beſide your lf, I believe. This is not the moſt generous Action hat I am about, but ſhe has piqu'd my Pride, and what ver be the Conſequence, I am reſolv'd to be reveng'd f her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another Apartment in* Sir Simon's *Houſe.*

Enter Gaylove.

Gay. How happy wou'd ſome Men think themſelves, o have ſo agreeable an Engagement upon their Hands; but the Duce take me, if I have any great tomach to it, and conſidering I have another Miſ-reſs in the Houſe, I think it is bravely done. Yet cou'd not find in my Heart to refuſe the Invitation. Well, what Pleaſure Women find in denying, I can't magine; for the Devil take me, if ever I could deny fine Woman in my Life.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Raffler.

Oh, here ſhe comes; now hang me, if I know what to ſay. Whether ſhall I addreſs her at Diſtance, or boldly fall on at once.

Mrs. *Raff.* So, Sir, you are punctual to the Appointment.

Gay. Faith, Madam, I have a ſtrange oddity in my Temper, that inclines me to be extremely eager after Happineſs.

Mrs. *Raff.* If you had propoſed any ſuch Happineſs in my Converſation, I believe you know you might have had it oftner.

Gay. You wrong me, if you impute my Fear of diſobliging you to Want of Paſſion. By thoſe dear Eyes, by that dear Hand, and all thoſe thouſand Joys which you can beſtow ——

Mrs. *Raff.* Hold Sir, what do you mean? I am afraid, you think otherwiſe of this Aſſignation than it was meant.

Gay. I think nothing, but that I am the happieſt of my Sex, and you the moſt charming, and beſt-natur'd of yours.

Mrs. *Raff.* Come, Sir, this is no way of ſhewing your Wit, I invited you to make a Tryal of that which is ſeldom ſhewn in Compliments; thoſe are foreign to our Purpoſe.

Gay. I think ſo too, and therefore without any further Compliment, my dear lovely Angel——

Mrs. *Raff.* Lud, what do you mean?

Gay. I mean, Madam, to take immediate Poſſeſſion of all the Raptures, which this lovely Perſon can give me.

Mrs. *Raff.* O Heav'n's! you will not make any bad Uſe of the Confidence I have repos'd in you; if you offer any thing rude, I will never truſt my ſelf alone with you again.

Gay. Then I muſt make the beſt of this Opportunity.

Mrs. *Raff.* I'll die before I'll conſent, I'll——

Gay

Gay. I muſt truſt to your Good-nature.

Lady Raffler *at the Door.*

La. *Raff.* Siſter, Siſter, what, have you lock'd your ſelf in?

Mrs. *Raff.* Let me go—— Oh, my Dear, is it you? I have order'd this vile Lock to be mended—— The Bolt is ſo apt to fall down of its own Accord—— Is your Pool out?

La. *Raff.* No, Siſter, no—— I came to ſee what was the Matter with you—— I was afraid you was ill, that you left us—— But I ſee you have Company with you.

Mrs. *Raff.* I was juſt coming back to you, but——

Gay. I cannot be of Opinion that, that is an Original Picture of *Hannibal Carraccio.* I ask pardon for differing from you—— Oh, is your Ladyſhip there? pray, which Opinion are you of?

La. *Raff.* Don't apply to me, Sir, I am no Judge of Pictures.

Gay. Moſt great Conoiſſeurs are ſhy of owning their Skill; but if your Ladyſhip pleaſes to obſerve, there is not that Boldneſs—There is indeed a great deal of the Maſter—— And I never ſaw more Spirit in a Copy—— But alas, there is ſo much Difference between a Copy and an Original,——I hope your Ladyſhip will excuſe the Freedom I take.

La. *Raff.* My Siſter will excuſe your Freedom, and that is full as well.

Mrs. *Raff.* Come, my Dear, will you return to the Card-Table?

La. *Raff.* I wiſh this Gentleman—would be ſo kind to hold my Cards a few Minutes, I have a Word or two to ſpeak with you.

Gay. You will have a bad Deputy, Madam, but I will do the beſt I can. [*Exit.*

La. *Raff.* Siſter, I am aſham'd of you, to be lock'd up alone with a young Fellow.

Mrs. *Raff.* Lard, Child, can I help it, if the Bolt falls down of its own Accord?

La. *Raff.* But you was not looking at Pictures before I came into the Room; I saw you closer together, I saw you in his Arms, and heard you cry out—— This I'll swear——

Mrs. *Raff.* Well, and can I help this?——I own he was a little frolicksome, and offer'd to kiss me that's all.

La. *Raff.* All; Monstrous! that's all! if an odious Fellow was to offer to kiss me, I'd tear his Eyes out

Mrs. *Raff.* Yes, and so wou'd I, if it was an odious Fellow.

La. *Raff.* The Honour of a Woman is a very nice thing, and the least Breath sullies it.

Mrs. *Raff.* So it seems indeed, if it be to be hurt by a Kiss.

La. *Raff.* The Man to whom you give that, will venture to take more.

Mrs. *Raff.* Well, and it's time enough to cry out you know, when he does venture to take more.

La. *Raff.* I don't like jesting with serious things.

Mrs. *Raff.* What, is a Kiss a serious thing then now, on my Conscience, you are fonder of it than I am. I believe, my Dear, you are very confident I cou'd do nothing contrary to the Rules of Honour— But I hate being solicitous about Trifles.

La. *Raff.* Sister, it behoves a Garrison to take care of its Out-works: For my Part, I am resolv'd to stand Buff at the first Entrance; nor will I ever give an Inch of Ground to an Assailant.——And let me tell you, that the Woman and the Soldier, who do not defend the first Pass, will never defend the last.

Mrs. *Raff.* Well, well, good dear, military Sister, pray defend your self, and do not come to my Assistance, 'till you are called. I thank Heav'n, I have no such Governour as yours: I shou'd fancy my self besieg'd indeed, had I a continual Alarm ringing in my Ears.——I have taken a strict Resolution to be virtuous, as long as my Husband thinks me so. It is Complaisance I owe to his Opinion; but you may value your self upon your Virtue as much as you please

S

Sir *Simon* every Day tells you, you have none; and how can ſhe be a good Wife, who is continually giving the Lye to her Husband?

La. *Raff.* Why will you thus rally on a Subject I think ſo ſerious?

Mrs. *Raff.* And why will you be ſo ſerious on a Subject, I think ſo ridiculous——but if you don't like my Raillery, let us go back to our Cards, and that will ſtop both our Mouths.

La. *Raff.* I wiſh any odious Fellow durſt kiſs me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Colonel Raffler, Mondiſh.

Col. *Raff.* Now, Mr. *Mondiſh*, now; what think you now? am not I the happieſt Man in the World in a Wife?

Mon. Ay, faith are you, ſo happy, that was I poſſeſs'd of the ſame Talent for Happineſs, I wou'd marry to-morrow.

Col. *Raff.* Why, why don't you? you will have juſt ſuch a Wife as mine, to be ſure; Oh, they are very plenty,—Ay, ay, very plenty: You can't miſs of juſt ſuch another: they grow in every Garden about Town.

Mon. I believe they grow in moſt Houſes about Town.

Col. *Raff.* Oh—ay, ay, ay—here was one here juſt now, my Lady *Raffler* is juſt ſuch another, a damn'd, infamous, ſuſpicious Prude, every whit as bad as her Husband. If you had not held me, *Mondiſh*, I am afraid I cou'd ſcarce have kept my Hands off from her,——but hold, hold, there is one thing which ſhall go down in my Pocket-book—*I have taken a ſtrict Reſolution to be virtuous as long as my Husband thinks me ſo.*——Then thou ſhalt be virtuous 'till Doomſday, my ſweet Angel——here is a Woman for you—who puts her Virtue into her Huſband's keeping——Oh, *Mondiſh*——if that Lady *Raffler* had not come in.——

Mon. Ay, if she had not come in, Colonel.——

Col. *Raff.* She wou'd have handled him, we shou'd have seen him handled, we shou'd have seen handling; *Mondish*, we shou'd have seen handling.

Mon. Indeed, I believe we shou'd. Duce take the Interruption. [*Aside.*

Col. *Raff.* But, what an Age do we live in tho, sincerely, Mr. *Mondish*; why, we shall have our Wives ravish'd shortly in the Middle of the Streets: an impudent, saucy Rascal! and when she told him that she wou'd cry out ———

Mon. That he shou'd not believe her——but then her Art, Colonel, in giving in to his Evasion about the Pictures—— Methinks, there was something so generous in her sudden Forgiveness; something so nobly serene, in her resolving her self so soon from a most abandon'd Fright into a perfect Tranquillity.

Col. *Raff.* Ay now, that is your highest sort of Virtue, that is as high as Virtue can go.

Mon. Why shou'd not calm Virtue be admir'd in a Woman, as well as calm Courage in a General, Colonel?——Your Lady is a perfect Heroine, she laid about her most furiously during the Attack: but the Moment the Foe retired, became all gentle and mild again.

Col. *Raff.* But come, as all things are safe, we will go, my dear *Mondish*, and drink my Wife's Health in one Bottle of *Burgundy* —— Ah, she's an excellent Woman! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Simon *with a Letter.*

Sir *Sim.* Here it is——the Plot is so well laid now, that unless Fortune conspire with a thousand Devils against me, I shall discover my self to be a rank Cuckold. Have I not watch'd her with as much Care as ever Miser did his Gold? and yet I am, I am, an errant, downright——a——as any little sneaking Courtier, or Subaltern Officer in the Kingdom: and what an unhappy Rascal am I, that have not been able to find it out——not to convict her fairly in ten long

Years

Years Marriage!—— if I cou'd but diſcover it, it were ſome Satisfaction—— Well, this Letter will I ſend to Captain *Spark*—— no Hand was ever better counterfeited—— if he had ſeen never ſo many Quires of her writing, he will not be able to find any Difference. If after all this, I ſhou'd nor diſcover her, I muſt be the moſt miſerable Dog that ever wore Horns. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Raffler, *and* Clarinda.

La. *Raff.* I tell you, Neice, you have ſuffer'd too great Freedoms from Mr. *Gaylove*, I can't bear thoſe monſtrous Indecorums which the young Women of this Age give into: the firſt Time a Woman's Hand ſhou'd be touch'd, is in the Church.

Cla. Lud, Madam, I can't conceive any harm in letting any one touch my Hand.

La. *Raff.* Yes, Madam, but I can. Beſides, I think I caught you in one another's Arms,—— I hope you conceive ſome Harm in that.

Cla. I can confide in Mr. *Gaylove*'s Honour, and if his Paſſion hurry'd him——

La. *Raff.* His Paſſion! what Paſſion? he has never declar'd any honourable Paſſion for you to your Uncle.

Cla. No, I ſhou'd have hated him, if he had.

La. *Raff.* Give me leave to tell you, Miſs, that is the proper way of applying to you. Then, if his Circumſtances were found convenient, Sir *Simon* wou'd have mention'd it to you; and ſo it wou'd have come properly. A Woman of any Prudence and Decency, gives her Conſent to her Relations, not to her Huſband. For it ſhou'd be ſtill ſuppos'd, that you endure Matrimony, to be dutiful to them only. I hope you wou'd not appear to have any Fondneſs for a Fellow.

Cla. I hope I ſhou'd have Fondneſs for a Fellow I wou'd make a Husband of.

La. *Raff.* Child, you ſhock me!

Cla. Why, pray Madam, had you no Fondneſs for Sir *Simon?*

La. *Raff.* No, I defy the World to ſay it.

Cla. How came you to marry him then?

La. *Raff.* Out of Obedience to my Father, he thought it a proper Match.

Cla. And ought not a Woman to be fond of a Man, after she is marry'd to him?

La. *Raff.* No, she ought to have Friendship and Esteem, but no Fondness, it is a nauseous Word, and I detest it—— A Woman must have vile Inclinations, before she can bring her self to think of it.

Cla. Now, I am resolv'd never to marry any Man I have not these vile Inclinations for.

La. *Raff.* O, monstrous!

Cla. That I did not love to such Distraction as to place my whole Happiness in pleasing him, to which I wou'd give my Thoughts up so entirely, that on my ever losing that Power, I shou'd become indifferent to every thing else.

La. *Raff.* Infamous! I desire you wou'd prepare to return into the Country immediately. For I will not live in the House with you any longer: but I will inform you of one thing, that the Man you have placed this violent Affection on, is a Villain, and has Designs on your Aunt.

Cla. What, on your Ladyship?

La. *Raff.* On me, on me! me! I wish I cou'd see the Man that dar'd——— I thank Heav'n, the Awe of my Virtue has still protected me.

Cla. I ask your Pardon, Madam, on the good Colonel's Lady then,——that there have been Designs between them, I am not ignorant, tho' I am not quite so confident they are on his Side——— and to say the Truth, my Aunt is an agreeable Woman, and I don't expect a Man of his Years to be proof against all Temptations. But pray, whom do you mean? for I—— Lud, I am defending I know not——Somebody—— who is it that your Ladyship means, for I am sure I shou'd not know him by the Marks you set on him?

La. *Raff.* Oh! Madam, you seem to want no Marks, I think; but if you have a mind to hear his Name, 'tis *Gaylove.*

Cla.

Cla. Mr. *Gaylove!*

La. *Raff.* Mr. *Gaylove!* yes Mr. *Gaylove*—— I'll repeat it to you, to oblige you.

Cla. What's Mr. *Gaylove* to me?

La. *Raff.* That you know beſt—I believe he is, or will be to you, what he ſhou'd not be.

Cla. If I had any Affection for him, I ſhou'd neither be afraid of his Deſigns upon me, nor jealous of his Deſigns on any other.

La. *Raff.* Look ye, Child, you may deny your Affection for him, if you pleaſe; nay, I commend you for it. It is an Affection you may well be aſham'd of.

Cla. According to your Ladyſhip's Opinion, we ought to be aſham'd of all Affection——— but really if one might be indulg'd in any, I think Mr. *Gaylove* might keep it in Countenance as well as another.

La. *Raff.* It is eaſy enough to keep you in Countenance, you don't ſeem to be eaſily put out of it [Gaylove *laughs within.*] Oh, that's his Laugh—— He's coming I am ſure—I'll get out o'the way—Neice, I wou'd have you prepare your ſelf for returning into the Country—— If you will ruin your ſelf, I'll not be Witneſs to it—nor will I ever live in the Houſe with a Woman, that can own her ſelf capable of being fond of a Fellow.

Cla. Then let me go as ſoon as I will, I find I am not like to loſe much good Company.

Enter Captain Spark, Gaylove, *Mrs.* Raffler.

Cap. *Spark.* No, that's too much, *Gaylove*, too much—I hope, you don't believe him, Madam,—pr'ythee, hang it, this is paſt a Jeſt.

Mrs. *Raff.* Upon my Word, I think ſo, eſpecially with regard to the Reputation of the Ladies.

Cap. *Spark.* Yes, Madam, that's it—upon their Account, methinks he ſhou'd forbear—Duce take me, you will force me to be ſerious.

Gay. Nay, pr'ythee don't affect concealing what is publickly known. Miſs *Clarinda* here ſhall be my

Evidence, whether at his last Quarters he was not talk'd of for the whole Place.

Cla. He was an universal Contagion, not one Woman escap'd.

Mrs. *Raff.* This is a Conviction, Captain.

Cap. *Spark. Gaylove*, this is your doing now— all might have been a Secret in Town, but for you— Country Towns, Madam, are censorious; I don't deny indeed but that they had some Reason;—but when they say all, they mistake, they do indeed— and yet perhaps it was my own Fault that I had not all.

Mrs. *Raff.* I think it is too hard indeed, to insist on all.

Gay. Well, but confess now, how many——

Cap. *Spark.* Well then, I will confess two Dozen.

La. *Raff.* } Two Dozen!
Mrs. *Raff.* }

Gay. That's pretty fair, and thou art an honest Fellow.

Mrs. *Raff.* He is so happy a one, that I wonder he escapes being destroy'd by the Men as a Monopolizer.

Cla. No, I think the Men are oblig'd to him, for he has found out more Beauties for 'em than I ever heard of there.

Cap. *Spark.* Pray, let's turn the Discourse.

Gay. I am trifling with this Fool, when I might employ my Time better— Miss *Clarinda*, you know you was interrupted to-Day. You promised me the first Opportunity.

Cla. I am a strict Observer of a Promise. Aunt you are not fond of Musick, I won't invite you to so dull an Entertainment.

Mrs. *Raff.* I think, I am in a Humour to hear it— at least I am not in a Humour to leave you alone together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servant with a Letter, whispers Spark.

Cap. *Spark.* Ladies, I'll follow in the twinkling of an Eye,— What's here? a Woman's Hand by *Jupiter!*

ter!—ſome damn'd Milliner's Dun or other.—tho' I think it will paſs for an Aſſignation well enough with the Ladies that are juſt gone—Ha! *Raffler!* "Sir—"as Sir *Simon* will be abroad this Evening, I ſhall have "an Opportunity of ſeeing you alone"——hum—— "if you pleaſe therefore, it ſhall be in the Dining-"room at Nine —— there is a Couch will hold us "both." the Devil there is——"The Company will "be all aſſembled in the Parlour, and you will be ve-"ry ſafe with your humble Servant, *Mary Raffler.*" Pooh! Pox, what ſhall I do? I wou'd not give a Farthing for her——Ha! can't I contrive to be ſurpriz'd together? That ridiculous Dog *Mondiſh* ſups here—— if I cou'd but convince him of this Amour, he will believe all I ever told him — now if he cou'd but ſee this Letter ſome way without my ſhewing it him— Egad, I'll find him out, and drop it before him. By good Luck here he is.

Enter Mondiſh.

Mon. So, I have made one Man extremely happy— the Colonel is moſt nobly intoxicated with Wine and his Wife. This Bottle of Burgundy has a little elevated me too —— now if I cou'd but find my dear Inconſtant alone ——Ha, *Spark!* what the Devil art thou dodging after here? In queſt of ſome Amour or other, I know thee to be ——

Cap. *Spark.* What do you know me to be? I know thou art a damn'd incredulous Fellow, and think'ſt every Woman virtuous, that puts a grave Face upon the Matter ——Now, *George*, take my Word for it, every Woman in *England* is to be had.

Mon. What haſt thou had 'em all then? that I muſt take thy Word for it.

Cap. *Spark.* Ha, ha, ha! thou wilt kill me with Laughter.

Mon. Then I muſt leave you to die by your ſelf.

Cap. *Spark.* Nay, but dear *George* —— hark'e, but ſtay—— [*Draws* Mondiſh *over the Letter.*

Mon. I am in haſte —— beſides I keep you from ſome Intrigue or other.

Cap. *Spark.*

Cap. *Spark.* I might perhaps have visited my Lady *Loller* —— but damn her! I believe e'en you know I am almost tir'd of her —— besides I have a Mind to stay with you.

Mon. But I positively neither can nor will stay with you.

Cap. *Spark.* The Devil is in it, if he has not seen it by this time. Well, if you have a Desire to leave me, I'll disappoint you, for I'll leave you, so, your Servant. [*Exit.*

Mon. A Letter dropt! To Captain *Spark* —— the Rogue counterfeits a Woman's Hand exceeding well. But he could not counterfeit her Hand so exactly, without having seen Letters from her — Why then, may not this be from her —— Is she not a Woman, a Prude? — the Devil can say no more.

Enter Gaylove.

Gay. Mondish, your Servant, where have you bestow'd yourself this Afternoon?

Mon. Where I fancy I far'd better than you —— I have been entertain'd with Burgundy and the Colonel —— while you have been loitering with Sir *Simon* and the Ladies.

Gay. Faith, I am afraid thou art in the right on't; for, to say Truth, I grew weary of their Company, and have left the gallant Mr. *Spark* to entertain them.

Mon. Well what Success in your Amour?

Gay. Oh, Success that would make Humility vain — Success that has made me think thy Happiness not so extraordinary —— In a Word had not my Lady *Raffler* come in, and rais'd the Siege, I believe I shou'd have been able, before now, to have giv'n thee a pretty good Account of the Citadel —— Pox take all Virtuous Women for me! they are of no other Use, but to spoil other's Sport.

Mon. Yes faith! such Virtuous Women as her Ladyship, will sometimes condescend to make Sport, as well as spoil it. —— There, read that, and then give me thy Opinion, if thou think'st there is one such Woman in the World as thou hast mentioned.

Gay.

Gay. To Captain *Spark* —— Sir *Simon* —— *abroad this Evening* —— *in the dining Room* —— *Couch will hold us both* —— ha, ha! The Captain improves —— *Safe with your humble Servant* —— *Mary Raffler* —— Well ſaid, my little *Spark* —— Now from this Moment, ſhall I have a very great Opinion of thee —— thou art a Genius —— a Hero —— to forge a Letter from a Woman, and drop it in her own Houſe —— there is more Impudence thrown away on this Fellow, than wou'd have made Six Court Pages, and as many Attorneys —— he is an errant walking Contagion on Women's Reputations, and was ſent into the World as a Judgment on the Sex.

Mon. By all that's infamous, 'tis her own Hand!

Gay. By all that is not infamous, I wou'd ſcarce have believ'd my own Eyes, had they ſeen her write it!

Mon. Excellent! thou art as incredulous as the Colonel. What I ſuppoſe you have heard her rail againſt wicked Women —— and declaim in praiſe of Chaſtity —— does a good Sermon from the Pulpit perſuade thee that a Parſon is a Saint? —— or a Charge from the Bench that the Judge is incorrupt? —— if thou wilt believe in Profeſſions, thou wilt find ſcarce one Fool thatis not wiſe, one Rogue that is not honeſt, one Courtier that is not fit to make a Friend, or one Whore that is not fit to make a Wife.

Gay. But Common-Senſe wou'd preſerve her from an Affair with a Fellow, who, ſhe is ſure, will publiſh it to the whole World.

Mon. I am not ſure of that —— perhaps ſhe does not know his Character, or if ſhe does, ſhe may think her ſelf ſafe in the World's knowing it —— beſides, if he is believ'd in his bragging of his Amours, I know no Man breathing ſo likely to debauch the whole Sex —— for Amours encreaſe with a Man of Pleaſure, as Money does with a Man of Buſineſs; and Women are moſt ready to truſt their Reputations, as we our Caſh, with him that has moſt Buſineſs.

Gay.

Gay. It is moſt natural to ſuppoſe he beſt underſtands his Buſineſs. But ſtill this Letter of Lady *Raffler's* ſtaggers me.

Mon. Are you ſo concern'd for her Reputation?

Gay. Hum! I ſhou'd at leaſt wiſh well to a Family I intend to take a Wife out of.

Mon. A Wife out of?

Gay, Why are you ſurpriz'd? did I not tell you this Morning, I had a Miſtreſs in the Houſe?

Mon. Yes,— but they are two Things, I think; Heav'n forbid we ſhou'd be oblig'd to take a Wife out of every Houſe in this Town, wherein we have had a Miſtreſs.

Gay. You, I think, *George*, take good Care to make that impoſſible, by making Miſtreſſes of other Men's Wives.

Mon. Why, it is my Opinion that in our Commerce with the other Sex, it will be pretty difficult to avoid either making Miſtreſſes of other Men's Wives, or Wives of other Men's Miſtreſſes, ſo I chuſe the former. But when am I to wiſh you Joy, Friend? Methinks I long to ſee thee wedded. —— I am as impatient on thy Behalf, as if I was principally concern'd my ſelf.

Gay. I ſee thou art planting the Battery of Railing, ſo I ſhall run off, before you can hit me. [*Exit.*

Mon. We ſhall be able to hit your Wife, I hope— and that will do as well ——— Here's another Friend's Wife will ſhortly want to be provided for; if my Friends marry ſo faſt, I ſhall be oblig'd to be deficient in a very main Point of Friendſhip, and leave them their Wives on their own Hands. I think my Suſpicions relating to Mrs. *Raffler* are now fully clear'd up on his Side, and fully fix'd on hers.

Enter Mrs. Raffler.

Your moſt humble Servant, Madam! he is but juſt gone.

Mrs. *Raff.* Who gone?

Mon. Mr. *Gaylove.*

Mrs. *Raff.*

Mrs. *Raff.* What's Mr. *Gaylove* to me?

Mon. Nothing, he is a very good Judge of Pictures.

Mrs. *Raff.* Ha! What do you mean?

Mon. Nothing.

Mrs. *Raff.* I will know.

Mon. You cannot know more of me than you do already, nor I of you —— and I hope ſhortly your Knowledge will be as comprehenſive in another Branch of your favourite Science.

Mrs. *Raff.* I don't underſtand you.

Mon. I cannot be of Opinion that that is an Original Picture of Hannibal Carraccio; *for if you pleaſe to obſerve, there is not that Boldneſs; there is, indeed, a great deal of the Maſter, and I never ſaw more Spirit in a Copy: But, alas! there is ſo much Difference between a Copy and an Original*——

Mrs. *Raff.* I believe the Colonel bought it as an Original.

Mon. The Colonel may be deceiv'd —— I wiſh I knew no more than one Inſtance of it.

Mrs. *Raff. Gaylove* muſt be a Villain, and have diſcovered me. [*Aſide.*

Mon. It may be, perhaps, ſome People's Intereſt to wiſh all Perſons as eaſily deceiv'd as the Colonel; what Pity 'tis, a Gallant ſhou'd not be as blind as a Husband!

Mrs. *Raff.* Mr. *Mondiſh*, I will not bear this: It wou'd be fooliſh to diſſemble underſtanding you any longer: be as blind or as watchful as you will, it is equal to me —— I will be no Slave to your Jealouſy, for if I have more Gallants, be aſſur'd I will have but one Husband.

Mon. Spoken ſo bravely, that I am at leaſt in Love with your Spirit ſtill; and to convince you, I have that Affection and no other, deal ſincerely with me, and I will be ſo far from troubling you any longer with my own Paſſion, that I will aſſiſt you in the Purſuit of another.

Mrs. *Raff.* Then to deal Sincerely with you —— Lud, it is a terrible hard thing to do.

Mon.

Mon. Ay, come, ſtruggle a little, a Woman muſt undergo ſome Trouble to be delivered of Truth.

Mrs. *Raff.* Then to deal ſincerely with you, I am in Love with another.

Mon. With *Gaylove* —— I'll aſſiſt you —— out with it.

Mrs. *Raff.* Well, ay, perhaps —— but now I muſt inſiſt on Truth from you; how came you to ſuſpect him? —— and who put the Picture into your Head?

Mon. I'll tell you ſome other time.

Mrs. *Raff.* Reſolve me this only, was it he?

Mon. No, upon my Honour.

Mrs. *Raff.* Then it muſt have been my Siſter?

Mon. Ha! ——

Mrs. *Raff.* Nay, don't heſitate, it is vain to deny it.

Mon. I do not deny it.

Mrs. *Raff.* Now may the united Curſes of Age, Diſeaſe, Uglineſs, vain Deſire and Infamy overtake her!

Mon. It works rarely.

Mrs. *Raff.* Revenge, Revenge! —— Mr. *Mondiſh*, my Reputation is in your Hands —— I know you to be a Man of Honour, and am eaſy —— but to have it in the Power of a Woman, muſt be an eternal Rack. We know one another too well to be eaſy, when we are in one another's Power —— againſt her Tongue there is no Safeguard.

Mon. Yes, one ——

Mrs. *Raff.* What!

Mon. To have her Reputation in your Power.

Mrs. *Raff.* That is impoſſible to hope —— She will take Care of her Reputation —— for it is on that alone ſhe ſupports her Pride, her Malice, her Ill-nature: Theſe have raiſed her a Train of watchful Enemies that wou'd catch her at the firſt Trip —— But ſhe has neither Warmth nor Generoſity enough to make it. Oh! I know her too well —— She will keep her Virtue, if it be only to enable her to be a continual Plague to her Husband.

Mon.

Mon. Well, whatever Difficulty there be in the Attempt, I have Reſolution enough under your Conduct to begin —— Perhaps I am of an, Opinion which you may excuſe, that no Woman's Virtue is Proof againſt the Attacks of a reſolute Lover.

Mrs. *Raff.* But her Fear, her Self-love, her Coldneſs, and her Vanity may.

Mon. I can give you more ſubſtantial Reaſons for our Hope, than you imagine — but may I depend on your Aſſiſtance?

Mrs. *Raff.* If I fail you, may my Husband be Jealous of me, or may I loſe the Power or Inclination to give him Cauſe.

Mon. That's nobly, generouſly ſaid; and now, methinks, you and I appear like Man and Wife, to each other — at leaſt it wou'd be better for the World, if they all acted as wiſe a Part — and inſtead of lying, and whining, and canting with Virtue and Conſtancy, inſtead of fatiguing an irrecoverable dying Paſſion, with Jealouſies and Upbraidings, kindly let it depart from one Breaſt, to be happy in another.

Thus the good Mother of the Savage Brood,
Whoſe Breaſts no more afford her Infants Food,
Leads them Abroad, and teaches 'em to roam,
For what no longer they can find at Home.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Enter Sir Simon, *and Colonel* Raffler.

Sir *Sim.* I Deſire but this Tryal; if I do not convince you I have Reaſon for my Jealouſy, I will be contented all my Life after to wear my Horns in my

my Pocket, and be as happy and ſubmiſſive a Husband as any within the Sound of *Bow* Bell.

Col. *Raff.* A good reaſonable Penalty you will undergo truly, to be the happy Husband of a virtuous Wife.

Sir *Sim.* And perhaps Penalty enough too — if it was ſo: A Virtuous Wife may have it in her Power to play very odd Tricks with her Husband. A Virtuous Woman may contradict him, may teaze him, may expoſe him, nay ruin him, and ſuch virtuous Wives, as ſome People have, may Cuckold him into the Bargain.

Col. *Raff.* Well, on Condition, that if your Suſpicions be found to be groundleſs, you never preſume to ſuſpect her or my Wife hereafter, but ſuffer them peaceably to enjoy their Innocent Freedoms, and on Condition that you give me leave to Laugh at you one whole Hour, I am content to do what you deſire.

Sir *Sim.* Ay, ay, any thing if my Suſpicions be found true, Brother.

Col. *Raff.* Why then, Brother, you will find your ſelf to be a Cuckold, and may laugh at me twenty Hours if you will.

Sir *Sim.* I think you will be a little confounded.

Col. *Raff.* Faith! Brother you are a very unhappy Fellow, faith! you are.

Sir *Sim.* Why ſo, pray?

Col. *Raff.* To marry a Wife that you have not been able to find any Fault in, in ten Year's Time — If you had good Luck in your Choice, you might have been a Cuckold in half the Time, you might indeed.

Sir *Sim.* Well, it is your time to laugh now, and I will indulge you.

Col. *Raff.* But ſuppoſe, Brother, it ſhou'd be as you ſay, ſuppoſe you ſhou'd find out what you have a Deſire to find, don't you think you are entirely indebted to your ſelf?

Sir *Sim.* I don't underſtand you.

Col. *Raff.* Why, to your own Suſpicions, can a Wife give ſo good a Reaſon for going aſtray, as

the

the Suſpicions of her Husband? They are a terrible thing; and my own Wife has told me, ſhe cou'd not have anſwer'd for herſelf with a Suſpicious Husband.

Sir *Sim.* But it wants now a little more than a Quarter of Eight; ſo pray away to the Cloſet; we ſhall have the Raſcal before his Time elſe, and be diſappointed.

Col. *Raff.* So I find you ſuſpect the Amour to be but of a ſhort Date. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Raffler *and Mrs.* Raffler.

La. *Raff.* Lud, Siſter, you are grown as great a Plague to me, as my Husband. I know not whether he teazes me more for doing what I ſhou'd not, than you for doing what I ſhou'd.

Mrs. *Raff.* A Woman never Acts as ſhe ſhou'd, but when ſhe Acts againſt her Husband. He is a Prince who is ever endeavouring to grow abſolute, and it ſhou'd be our conſtant Endeavour to reſtrain him. You are a Member of the Common-wealth of Women, and when you give way to your Husband, you betray the Liberty of your Sex.

La. *Raff.* You are always for turning ev'ry thing into Ridicule; but I am not that poor-ſpirited Creature you wou'd repreſent me: Nor did I ever give way to my Husband in any one Thing in my Life, contrary to my own Opinion. I wou'd not have you think I do not reſent his Suſpicions of me, and I defy you to ſay, I ever ſubmitted to any Method of quieting 'em — All that I am ſollicitous about is, not to give the World an Opportunity of Suſpecting me.

Mrs. *Raff.* But as the World is a Witneſs of his ſuſpecting you, were I in your Caſe, I ſhou'd think my Honour engag'd to let the World be witneſs of my Revenge.

La. *Raff.* Then the World wou'd condemn me, as it now does him —— had I a Mind to be as Ludicrous as you, I might tell you, that the Woman who parts with her Virtue, makes her Husband Abſolute, and

betrays the Liberty of her Sex. Sister, Sister, believe me, it is in the power of one honest Woman to be a greater Plague to her Husband, than all the vile vicious Creatures upon Earth.

Mrs. *Raff.* Give me your Hand, my Dear, for I find we are agreed upon the main Point, that is, Enmity to a Husband. I proceed now to the second Point, which every good Woman ought to Consider, namely, the rewarding a deserving Gallant.

La. *Raff.* That is a Subject on which I am afraid we shall eternally differ.

Mrs. *Raff.* I hope we shall, my Dear, that is, I hope we shall never desire to reward the same.

La. *Raff.* I desire we may never Discourse more on this Head; for I shall be inclin'd to say Things which you will not like; and, as I fear, they will be of no Service to you, I desire to avoid it.

Mrs. *Raff.* Oh, yes, they will be of great Service to me, they will make me laugh immoderately. Come, confess honestly —— I know you suspect me with *Gaylove.*

La. *Raff.* If you put me to it —— I cannot call your Conduct unquestionable. If I shou'd suspect, it wou'd not be without Reason.

Mrs. *Raff.* Nay, if you allow Reason, I have Reasons to suspect you with not half so pretty a Fellow.

La. *Raff.* Me! I defy you —— pure Virtue will confront Suspicion.

Mrs. *Raff.* Pure Virtue seems to have a pretty good Front, indeed. Let us try the Cause fairly between us: You found me and a young Fellow alone together, and very comical Things may happen, I own, between a Man and a Woman alone together. But when a Lady sends an Assignation to a Gentleman, to meet her in the Dark on a Couch; then if nothing Comical happens to pure Virtue, they must be a Comical Couple, indeed.

La. *Raff.* You are such a laughing giggling Creature, I don't know what you drive at.

Mrs. *Raff.*

Mrs. *Raff.* Read that — and I believe it will explain what both of us drive at — Now I ſhall ſee how far a Prude can carry it — Not one Bluſh yet? I find Bluſhing is one of the Things which pure Virtue can't do.

La. *Raff.* I am amaz'd and confounded! Where had you this?

Mrs. *Raff.* From a very good Friend of yours, in whoſe Hands your Reputation will be ſafer than in the Captain's, where you plac'd it.

La. *Raff.* What do you then believe ——

Mrs. *Raff.* Nothing but my own Eyes. You will not deny it is your own Hand?

La. *Raff.* Some Devil has counterfeited it. I beſeech you tell me how you came by it.

Mrs. *Raff.* *Mondiſh* gave it me.

La. *Raff.* Then he writ it.

Mrs. *Raff.* Nay, the Captain, by what I hear of him, is a more likely Perſon to have Counterfeited it. But it is well done, and ſure whoever did it, muſt have ſeen your Writing.

La. *Raff.* I'll reach all the depths of Hell, but I'll find it out. Have I for this had a Guard upon ev'ry Look, Word, and Action of my Life; for this ſhun'd ev'n ſpeaking to any Woman in Publick of the leaſt doubtful Character? for this been all my Life the forwardeſt to Cenſure the Imprudence of others? — have I defended my Reputation in the Face of the Sun, to have it thus undermin'd in the Dark?

Mrs. *Raff.* Moſt Womens Reputations are undermin'd in the Dark —— you ſee, Child, how fooliſh it is to take ſo much Care about what is ſo eaſily loſt; at leaſt, I hope you will learn to take Care of no one's Reputation but your own.

La. *Raff.* It wants but little of the appointed Hour; Siſter, will you go with me?

Mrs. *Raff.* Oh! no, two to one will not be fair — If you had appointed him to have brought his Second, indeed ——

La. *Raff.* I ſee you are Incorrigible — But I will go find my Niece, or my Brother, or Sir *Simon* himſelf:

ſelf: I will raiſe the World, and the Dead, and the Devil; but I will find out the bottom of this Affair —

[*Exit.*

Mrs. *Raff.* Hugh! What a terrible Combuſtion is pure Virtue in? Now will I convey myſelf, if poſſible, into the Cloſet — and be an humble Spectator of the Battle —— Well, a virtuous Wife is a moſt precious Jewel — but if all Jewels were as eaſily Counterfeited, he wou'd be an egregious Aſs who wou'd venture to lay out his Money in them. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to another Room in Sir* Simon's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Simon, *in Women's Cloaths.*

Sir *Sim.* My Evidence is poſted, the Colonel is in the Cloſet, and can overhear all — The time of Appointment draws near. I am ſtrangely pleas'd with my Stratagem. If I can but counterfeit my Wife's Voice as well as I have her Hand, I may defy him to diſcover me; for there is not a Glimpſe of Light — I am as much delighted as any young Whoremaſter can be in expectation of meeting another Man's Wife. And yet I am afraid I ſhall not diſcover my ſelf to be what I fear neither; and if I ſhou'd not, I will hang my ſelf incontinently. Oh! thou damn'd Couch! thou art not ten Years Old,, and yet what Cuckoldom haſt thou been Witneſs of — I will be reveng'd on thee; for I will burn thee this Evening in Triumph, pleaſe Heaven! — huſh, huſh, here he comes.

[*Lies on a Couch.*

[*Enter* Mondiſh.

Mon. This is the Field of Battle. If I know any thing of the Captain, he will not be in haſte — and if ſhe comes here before him, I think ſhe will not have the Impudence to deny any Favour to one who knows as much as I do. It is as dark as Hell! let a Prude alone for contriving a proper Place for an Aſſignation

on — poor Sir *Simon*, faith! thou haſt more Cauſe for thy Jealouſy than I imagin'd.

Sir *Sim.* Ay, or than I imagin'd either —— I am over head and ears in it — I am the erranteſt Cuckold in Town. [*Aſide.*

Mon. 'Sdeath! I ſhall never be able to find this Couch out —— ſure it us'd to be ſomewhere hereabouts. It has been the Scene of my Happineſs too often for me to forget it.

Sir *Sim.* Oh! it has —— Oh! thou damn'd Villain! I wiſh thou cou'dſt feel Torments, that I might be an Age in burning thee. [*Aſide.*

Mon. Ha! I hear a Door open —— it is a Woman's tread. I know the dear, dear Trip of a ſoft Foot.

Enter Mrs. Raffler, *who falls into* Mondiſh's *Arms.*

Mrs. *Raff.* In the Name of Goodneſs who are you?

Mon. An Evil Spirit. I find you are us'd to meet them in the Dark, by your readineſs in ſpeaking to 'em.

Mrs. *Raff.* Mr. *Mondiſh?*

Sir *Sim.* Here will be rare Caterwauling. [*Aſide.*

Mon. What do you do here?

Mrs. *Raff.* Trouble not your ſelf about that, I will not ſpoil your Sport.

Mon. But tell me, have you ſeen your Siſter?

Mrs. *Raff.* Yes.

Mon. Well, and how?

Mrs. *Raff.* Oh, ſhe raves like a Princeſs in a Tragedy, and ſwears that ſome Devil has contriv'd it.

Mon. Then ſhe perſiſts in her Innocence?

Mrs. *Raff.* Yes, and will after Conviction —— nay, ev'n after Execution.

Mon. A very harden'd Criminal indeed —— but pray what is your Opinion of my Succeſs?

Mrs. *Raff.* Oh, thou wicked Seducer! It wou'd be hard indeed that I ſhould think you not able to ſucceed, after ſuch a one as you have deſcrib'd the Captain to be, when you prevail'd in my Innocent Heart, and triumph'd over what I imagin'd an Impregnable Fortreſs.

Mon. And was I really thy firſt Seducer?

Mrs. *Raff.* By Heavens! the only one that ever has yet injur'd my Husband.

Sir *Sim.* What do I hear?

Mon. Why do I not ſtill enjoy that Happineſs ſingly? What have I done to forfeit one Grain of your Eſteem?

Mrs. *Raff.* To your freſh Game, Sportſman; and I wiſh you a good Chace.

Mon. Whither are you going?

Mrs. *Raff.* Concern not yourſelf with me; your new Miſtreſs will ſoon be with you. [*Exit.*

Sir *Sim.* This is better than my Hopes! This is killing two Birds with one Stone. My Brother will be rewarded for the Pains he takes on my Account —— Ha! there's a Light — I think I ſhall be ſecure behind the Couch.

Enter Lady Raffler *with a Candle.*

La. *Raff.* I think there is ſome Plot laid againſt me, the whole Family are run out of the Houſe. But Virtue will protect her Adherents. Ha! who's that?

Mon. Be not ſtartled, Madam; It is one from whom you have nothing to fear.

La. *Raff.* I know not that, Sir; I ſhall always think I have juſt Reaſon to fear one who lurks privately about in dark Corners. Perſons who have no ill Deſigns never ſeek hiding Places: But, however, you are the Perſon I deſir'd to meet.

Mon. That wou'd make me happy, indeed!

La. *Raff.*

La. *Raff.* Whence, Sir, had you that Letter, which you this Day gave my Siſter, and which was ſign'd with my Name?

Mon. The Letter, Madam?

La. *Raff.* Yes, Sir, the Letter! with that odious Aſſignation which I deteſt the Apprehenſion of —— my Reputation ſhall be clear'd, and I will know the Author of this infamous Forgery, whatever be the Conſequence!

Mon. Be Miſtreſs of yourſelf, Madam, and be aſſur'd nothing in my Power ſhall be ever left undone to vindicate your Reputation, or detect any Calumny againſt it. The Letter was dropt by the Perſon to whom it was directed, dropt on purpoſe that I ſhou'd take it up; which I did, and deliver'd it to your Siſter. Indeed I even then ſuſpected it a Forgery. I thought I knew my Lady *Raffler* too well, to fear her capable of placing her Affections unworthily.

La. *Raff.* And you know no more?

Mon. I do not, upon my Honour.

La. *Raff.* Well, Sir, whatever Care you ſhall take of my Reputation, Sir *Simon* ſhall thank you for it.

Mon. Alas! Madam, cou'd I have any Merit in ſuch a Service, I ſhou'd hope to have another Rewarder than the very laſt Perſon on whom I wou'd confer an Obligation.

La. *Raff.* How, Sir?

Mon. I ask pardon, Madam, I know how tender the Subject is to your Ears; yet I hope the Exceſs of Tenderneſs which I have for you will plead ——

La. *Raff.* Tenderneſs for me? [*angry.*]

Mon. For your Reputation, Madam. [*She looks pleaſed.*

La. *Raff.* That, I think, I may ſuffer.

Mon. Pardon me, Madam, if that Tenderneſs which I have for —— your Reputation, Madam, will not permit me to be eaſy while I ſee it laviſh'd on a Man ſo worthleſs, ſo ungrateful, ſo inſenſible — And yet, Madam, can even you the beſt, the moſt reſerv'd of Wives, can you deny but that his Jealouſy is plain to you and to the whole World? Cou'd he ſhew more

had he married one of the Wanton Coquets, who encourage every Man who addresses 'em, nay, who are continually throwing out their Lures for Men who do not? Had he marry'd one of these, nay, had he marry'd a common avow'd Prostitute ———

La. *Raff.* Hold, you shock me.

Mon. And I shall shock my self. But the Wounds must be laid open to be cur'd.

La. *Raff.* What can I do?

Mon. Hate him, at least you ought that.

La. *Raff.* That, I think, Virtue will allow me to do.

Mon. Justice commands you to do it: Nay, more, it commands you to revenge, you ought for Example sake ——— pardon me, Madam, if the Love I have for you — I shou'd rather say if the Friendship I have contracted for your Virtue carries me too far; but I will undertake to prove, that it is not only meritorious to fulfill his Suspicions, but it wou'd be Criminal not to do it. Virtue requires it, the Virtue you adore, you possess, requires it; it is not you, it is your Virtue he injures, that demands a Justification, that obliges you ———

La. *Raff.* To hate him, to despise him, that a virtuous Woman may do.

Mon. Oh! I admire, I adore a virtuous Woman.

La. *Raff.* Virtue is her greatest Jewel.

Mon. Oh, 'tis a nice, and tender thing, it will not bear Suspicion: she wou'd be a poor Creature indeed, who cou'd bear to have her Virtue suspected without Revenge.

La. *Raff.* What can she do?

Mon. Ev'ry thing: Part with it.

La. *Raff.* Ha!

Mon. Not from her Heart ——— I hope you don't think I mean that; but true Virtue is no more concern'd in punishing a Husband, than true Mercy in punishing a Criminal.

La. *Raff.* But I have the Comfort to think he is sufficiently punish'd in the Torments of his own Mind.

Oh,

Oh, I ſhou'd be the moſt miſerable Creature alive, if I cou'd but even ſuſpect he had an eaſy Moment. Mr. *Mondiſh*, it wou'd be ridiculous to affect hiding from you, who are ſo intimate in the Family, my Knowledge of his baſe, unjuſt Suſpicions; nor wou'd I have you think me ſo poor-ſpirited a Wretch, not to hate and deſpiſe him for them. How unjuſt they are, the whole World can evidence: for no Woman upon Earth could be more delicate in her Conduct. Therefore, for Heav'n's Sake, aſſiſt me in the Diſcovery of this Letter.

Mon. I cou'd not, I am ſure, ſuſpect you of ſo indiſcreet a Paſſion, tho' your Hand is excellently forg'd.

La. *Raff.* It muſt be by ſome one who has ſeen it, ſure it cou'd not be my Siſter.

Mon. Was it not Sir *Simon* himſelf?

La. *Raff.* Ha! it cannot be, he cou'd not be ſuch a Villain.

Mon. If he were, I think you ought not to forgive him.

La. *Raff.* Cou'd I but prove it——

Mon. If I prove it for you——what ſhall be my Reward?

La. *Raff.* The greateſt—The Conſciouſneſs of doing good.

Mon. What good ſhall I do in diſcovering the Criminal, unleſs you will puniſh him.

La. *Raff.* I will do all in my Power to puniſh him, and to reward you.

Mon. Your Power is infinite, as is almoſt the Happineſs I now taſte. O my fair injur'd Creature, had'ſt thou been the Lot of one who had truly known the Value of Virtue—— [*Kiſſing her Hand.*

La. *Raff.* Let me go; if you wou'd preſerve my good Opinion of you——If you have a regard for me, ſhew it in immediately vindicating my Reputation.

Mon.

Mon. I'll find out Sir *Simon*; if he be the Forger, I ſhall get it out of him—— One earneſt more.

[*Kiſſing her Hand.*

La. *Raff.* Away! we ſhall be overſeen, and then I ſhall hate you for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Sir *Sim.* Heav'n be prais'd, they are parted this Time. I was afraid it wou'd have come to Action. Why, if a Husband had a Hundred Thouſand Eyes, he wou'd have Uſe for them all. A Wife is a Garriſon without Walls, while we are running to the Defence of one Quarter, ſhe is taken at another. But what a Rogue is this Fellow, who not only attempts to cuckold his Friend, but has the Impudence to inſiſt on it as a meritorious Action! The Dog wou'd perſuade her that Virtue obliges her to it. Why, what a Number of Ways are there by which a Man may be made a Cuckold! One goes to work with his Purſe, and buys my Wife; a ſecond brings his Title, he is a Lord, forſooth, and has a Patent to cuckold all Mankind. A Third ſhews a Garter, a Fourth a Ribband, a Fifth a lac'd Coat. One Raſcal has a ſmooth Face, another a ſmooth Tongue; another makes ſmooth Verſes; this ſings, that dances; one wheedles, another flatters; one applies to her Ambition, another to her Avarice, another to her Vanity, another to her Folly. This tickles her Eyes, that her Ears, another her——in ſhort, all her five Senſes, and five thouſand Follies have their Addreſſers. And that ſhe may be ſafe on no Side, here's a Raſcal comes and applies himſelf to the very thing that ſhou'd defend her, and tries to make a Bawd of her very Virtue. He has the Impudence to tell her, that ſhe can't be a Woman of Virtue without cuckolding her Huſband——Hark! I hear a Noiſe!——The Captain, I ſuppoſe, or ſomebody elſe after my Wife.

Enter Captain Spark.

Cap. *Spark.* I am ſure, *Mondiſh* took up the Letter, and it is now a full Quarter of an Hour after the Time appointed.

appointed. I know him ſo well, that I cou'd lay a Wager, he is liſt'ning ſome where hereabouts. Madam, Madam!

Sir *Sim.* That is the Raſcal's Voice—— Is it you, Captain, tread ſoftly for Heav'n's Sake.

Cap. *Spark.* Yes, and I wiſh I may tread ſurely too; for it is as dark as Hell. Where are you, Madam?

Sir *Sim.* Here, Sir, here on the Couch.

Cap. *Spark.* Quite punctual to the Place of Aſſignation I find. Where the Devil can *Mondiſh* be? [*Aſide.*] There, Madam, there, I am ſafe now, I thank you.——I don't know, Madam, how to thank you enough, for that kind Note your Ladyſhip was ſo good as to ſend me.

Sir *Sim.* O Lard! Sir.

Cap. *Spark.* I aſſure you, Madam, I think my ſelf the happieſt of Mankind. I am, Madam, upon my Honour, ſo in my own Opinion—— Pray, Madam, was not your Ladyſhip at the laſt *Ridotto?*

Sir *Sim.* No, Sir.——I find he has had her 'till he is weary of her. [*Aſide.*

Cap. *Spark.* I think you are a great Lover of Country Dancing.

Sir *Sim.* Yes, I think it will do very well, when one can have nothing elſe to entertain one.

Cap. *Spark.* Very true, Madam; Quadrille is very much before it, in my Opinion.

Sir *Sim.* You and I have ſeen better Entertainments than that, before now.

Sir *Sim.* Oh, yes, yes, Madam——I am very fond of the Entertainments at the New-Houſe. I never go there for any thing elſe. Pray, which is your Ladyſhip's Favourite? Moſt Ladies are fond of *Perſeus* and *Andromeda*——what the Devil is become of *Mondiſh?* [*Aſide.*] But I think the Operas are ſo far beyond all thoſe things——Do you go to the Drawing-Room to-night, Lady *Raffler?*

Sir *Sim.* I hope to paſs my Time better with you, as I have done.

Cap *Spark.*

Cap. *Spark.* I shou'd be proud to make one of a Party at Quadrille; but upon my Honour, I am the most unfortunate Person in the World, for I am engag'd.

Sir *Sim.* Engag'd!

Cap. *Spark.* I know what you think now—If one does but name an Engagement, to be sure——I protest, one wou'd think there was but one sort of Engagement in the World—— and I don't know how it comes to my Share to be always suspected. To be sure, I have had some Affairs in my Life; that I don't deny, that I believe every one knows—— and therefore I am not obliged to deny———.

Sir *Sim.* But you was not oblig'd to confess it to Sir *Simon* to-day.

Cap. *Spark.* Yes, ha, ha! The mistake of a Name had like to have occasion'd some Confusion; I am heartily sorry for it upon my Word.

Sir *Sim.* And was it not me that you meant?

Cap. *Spark.* You are pleas'd to rally. You know it was impossible I shou'd confess what never happen'd.

Sir *Sim.* What, did nothing ever pass between us?

Cap. *Spark.* Either you have a mind to be merry with your humble Servant, or I shall begin to suspect, there is some Likeness of mine happier than my self. For your Ladyship and Sister were both pleas'd to mention something about an Auction; and I never care to contradict a Lady. Upon my Soul, Compliments aside, I never had the Honour to see your Face 'till this Afternoon.

Sir *Sim.* How, how! did you never see my Wife till this Afternoon?

Cap. *Spark.* Your Wife!

Sir *Sim.* Lord, I'm delirious I think, I know not what I say.

Cap. *Spark.* I hope you are not subject to Fits. I shall be frighten'd out of my Senses. For Heav'n's Sake, let me call Somebody—Lights! Lights there! help! help!

Sir *Sim.*

Sir *Sim.* Huſh! conſider my Reputation.

Cap. *Spark.* You had better loſe your Reputation than your Life. Lights, Lights! Help there, my Lady faints.

Sir *Sim.* What ſhall I do?

Cap. *Spark.* Will no Body hear? help, help!

Enter Mondiſh *and Lady* Raffler *with a Light.*

La. *Raff.* What's the matter here?

Cap. *Spark.* For Heav'n's Sake, bring ſome Lights hither, Somebody; my poor Lady *Raffler* is fallen into a Fit.

Mon. My Lady *Raffler!*

La. *Raff.* What can this mean?

Cap. *Spark.* Ha! bleſs me, Madam, are you there? then who the Devil is this?

Mon. Sir *Simon!*

Cap. *Spark.* Why, there's no Maſquerade to-night.

Sir *Sim.* It has happen'd juſt as I fear'd. There is ſome damn'd Planet which attends all Husbands, and will never let them be in the right. [*Aſide.*

La. *Raff.* Monſter! how have you the Aſſurance to look in my injur'd Face?

Mon. Death and Hell! I hope he did not over-hear what paſs'd between me and his Wife. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Sim.* What Injury have I done you, my Dear?

La. *Raff.* Can you ask it? Have you not laid a Plot againſt my Reputation? Have you not counterfeited my Hand? Did you not write this Letter? look at it.

Sir *Sim.* No, my Dear, no.

La. *Raff.* How came it ſeal'd then with this Seal? which was only in your Poſſeſſion. Oh, I have no Name bad enough.

Mon. Come, come, Sir *Simon*, confeſs all; it is the only Amends you can make your Lady.

Sir *Sim.* Oh, Sir, if you will endeavour to get it out of me, it will be in vain to deny——

Enter

Enter Colonel Raffler.

Col. *Raff.* Ay, indeed will it, for I will be Evidence againſt you. Why ſure, you wou'd not attempt to hold out any longer. If ſhe forgives you, you have the moſt merciful, as well as the moſt virtuous Wife in the World. Come, come, in the firſt Place, ask your Wife's Pardon for having ever ſuſpected her. For having counterfeited an Aſſignation from her, and being the Occaſion of the Confuſion which ſhe is at preſent in—— In the ſecond Place, ask this Gentleman's Pardon for having ever ſuſpected him. In the next Place————

Sir *Sim.* Hold, hold, Brother, not ſo faſt. I own my ſelf in the wrong; and, Sir, I ask your Pardon, I do with all my Heart.

Cap. *Spark.* That is ſufficient, Sir; tho' I don't know your Offence.

Sir *Sim.* And, my Dear, I ask your Pardon; I am convinc'd of your Virtue, I am indeed.

La. *Raff.* But what Amends can you make me for your wicked Jealouſy? Do you think it is nothing for me, who have ever abhorred the very Name, even the very Thought of Wantonneſs, to have had my Name traduc'd? What Devil cou'd tempt you to write an Aſſignation in my Name to this Gentleman?

Cap. *Spark.* Ha!

Mon. Even ſo, faith! Captain, this was the Lady who writ to you, ha, ha!

Cap. *Spark.* How, Sir?

Col. *Raff.* Nay, Sir, don't put on your angry Face, good Brother Soldier. I do not perceive your Expectations have been at all diſappointed; and my Brother ſeem'd as proper to carry on the Amour with you, as his Wife——— for in the Method you proceeded, you wou'd ſcarce ever have found out the Difference.

Cap. *Spark.* Sir, I don't underſtand——

Mon. Nay, nay, no Paſſion; here is nothing but Raillery, no Harm meant.

Cap. *Spark.*

Cap. *Spark.* Is not there? Oh, 'tis very well if there is not.

Col. *Raff.* Why, what a ridiculous Figure do you make here——Ha, ha, ha! you know I am to have my fill of Laughing. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Sim.* Nay, nay, I have more Reaſon to laugh than you. For if I am convinc'd of my Wife's Virtue, I think you may be convinc'd——

Col. *Raff.* Of what? Come, I'll bring up my *Corps de reſerve*, and put all your Suſpicions to flight at once. Come forth, my Dear, come forth, and with the Brightneſs of thy Virtue diſpell thoſe Clouds that wou'd eclipſe it.

Enter Mrs. Raffler.

I deſire you wou'd throw your ſelf at this Gentleman's Feet, and give him a thouſand Thanks for the Hand he has had in your Affair.

Sir *Sim.* He wou'd have had a Hand in my Affair, I thank him. Yes, I am damnably oblig'd to him indeed.

Col. *Raff.* Yes, Sir, that you are——for he knew you were liſtning, Sir. And all that Love which you overheard him make to your Wife, Sir, was intended to convince you of her Virtue, Sir; it was a Plot laid between my Wife and him. Was it not, my Dear?

Mrs. *Raff.* Yes, indeed was it.

Mon. Tho' I am afraid this Lady will find ſome Difficulty to forgive me, I am oblig'd to own the Truth.

La. *Raff.* I can pardon any thing where the Intention was good; tho', I confeſs, I do not like ſuch Jeſts.

Col. *Raff.* Come, come, you ſhall like 'em, and pardon 'em too; and you ſhall thank him for them. And, then, Sir, you ſhall ask my Pardon.

Sir *Sim.* For what?

Col. *Raff.* Why for being the Occaſion of my Wife's imagining me as jealous a pated a Fool as your

your ſelf: For you muſt know, Sir, that ſhe imagin'd that I was in the Cloſet with the ſame Deſign, with which you diſguis'd yourſelf in that pretty Maſquerade Habit. Perhaps, tho', you did not gueſs that ſhe knew I was in the Cloſet all the Time.

Sir *Sim.* No, upon my Word.

Col. *Raff.* Oh! you did not —— But that ſhe did happen to know, Sir; and ſo did this Gentleman too —— Mr. *Mondiſh*, you are a Wag to put your Friend into a Sweat; But it was kindly meant, and I thank you for it with all my Heart.

Sir *Sim.* And ſo do I too — for having given me warning to keep my Wife out of your Clutches.

Mon. Gentlemen, your humble Servant! If I have ſerv'd my Friends, the Action carries its Reward with it. [*To Mrs.* Raffler *aſide.*] Excellent Creature! I am now more in Love with your Wit, than I ever was with your Beauty.

Sir *Sim.* And are you really, Brother, wiſe enough to believe ſuch a notable Story as this? and are you thoroughly convinc'd?

Col. *Raff.* Why are not you convinc'd?

Sir *Sim.* Yes, Brother, I am.

Col. *Raff.* Oh! it is well.

Sir *Sim.* That you are an errant *Engliſh* Cuckold, and our Friend an errant Raſcal! [*Aſide.*

Enter Gaylove *and* Clarinda.

Gay. Your Servant, good People!

La. *Raff.* Oh! Neice, where have you been, pray?

Cla. Nay, that I'll give you a Twelvemonth to gueſs.

La. *Raff.* Indeed, Miſs, it wou'd have become you better to have told us before you went.

Gay. The Reſolution was too ſudden, Madam, we ſcarce knew our ſelves 'till we put it in Execution; But

But your Niece, Madam, has been in very good Company, for we have been at the Opera.

La. *Raff.* You do well, Madam, to make good Uſe of your Time; for pleaſe Heaven you ſhall go into the Country next Week.

Cla. That, Madam, you and I both muſt ask this Gentleman's leave for.

Gay. Upon my Word, Madam, I have the Honour to be this Lady's Protector, and ſhall take care henceforward ſhe ſhall require no leave but her own, for any of her Actions —— To-morrow, Madam, ſhe has promiſed to make me the happieſt of Men, in calling her mine for ever.

La. *Raff.* I am glad her Indiſcretion is come to no worſe an End.

Sir *Sim.* But methinks, Sir, as my Niece is under my Protection, you ſhou'd have ask'd my Conſent. For now I do not know whether I will give it you or no —— I am ſure I do not much care to have you in the Family. [*Aſide.*

Col. *Raff.* Indeed, Sir, but you ſhall give it him, and ſo ſhall your Lady, and ſo ſhall my Wife, and ſo will I. Mr. *Gaylove*, I think the Family is much Honour'd by your Alliance. Adod! the Girl is happy in her Choice.

Gay. I am infinitely oblig'd to your good Opinion, Colonel.

Mon. Be not diſmay'd —— this will only put back your Affair a little, you muſt only ſtand out the firſt Game of the Pool, that's all.

Col. *Raff.* Come, come, Gentlemen and Ladies, I hear the Bell ring to Supper; Let us go all down Stairs, and be as merry as —— as Wit and Good-humour can make us. I can't help ſaying my Blood run a little cold at one time, but I now defy Appearances, and am convinc'd that Jealouſy is the fooliſheſt thing in the World; and that it is not in the Power of Mankind to hurt me with my Wife.

Sir *Sim.* That Captain's Likeneſs ſticks ſtill in my Stomach: If I was ſure there was nothing in that, I think I

ſhou'd be a little eaſy; But that is not to be hop'd, I am convinc'd now, that I am a Cuckold, and ſhall never find it out.

Mon. Sir *Simon*, here, ſhall be the merrieſt of us all. Believe me, Knight, if it be the laſt Day of your Jealouſy, it is the firſt of your Happineſs.

You Husbands grow from theſe Examples Wiſe,
View your Wives Conduct ſtill with partial Eyes.
If your Opinions err, they better ſtray
In the good Colonel's, than Sir *Simon*'s Way.
At eaſe ſtill ſleeps the credulous Husband's Breaſt;
Spite of his Wife, within himſelf he's Bleſt.
The Jealous their own Miſeries Create,
And make Themſelves the very Thing they hate.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. *HERON.*

THE Play being done, according to our Laws,
I come to plead with you our Author's Cauſe.
As for our ſmart Gallants, *I know they'll ſay,*
Damn him! There's one ſad Character in's Play.
What! on a Couch, Alone, and in the Dark!
Ladies, there's no ſuch Fellow as this Spark.
What can he mean in ſuch an Age as this is,
When ſcarce a Beau but keeps a Brace of Miſſes?
They Keep! why Gentlemen, perhaps, 'tis true,
So do our ſweet Italian *Singers too.*
What can one think of all the Beaus in Town,
When with the Ladies ſuch Gallants go down?
Th' Italian *Dames, ſhould this Report grow common,*
Will ſurely pity us poor Engliſh *Women.*
By the vaſt Sums we pay them for their Strains,
They'll think, perhaps, we don't abound in Brains?
But ſhould they hear their Singers turn Gallants;
Beaus, faith! they'll think Brains not your only Wants.
——Now for the Wits—but they ſo nice are grown,
French *only with their Palates will go down.*
French *Plays Applauſe have, like* French *Diſhes, got,*
Only becauſe you underſtand them not.
Happy Old England, *in thoſe glorious Days,*
When good plain Engliſh *Food and Senſe could pleaſe:*
When Men were dreſs'd like Men, nor curl'd their Hair,
Inſtead of charming, to out-charm the Fair.

They

EPILOGUE.

They knew by manly Means ſoft Hearts to move,
Nor ask'd an Eunuch's Voice to melt their Nymphs to Love.
—— Ladies, 'tis yours to reinſtate that Age,
Do you aſſiſt the Satire of the Stage!
Teach foreign Mimicks by a generous Scorn,
You're not aſham'd of being Britons *born;*
Make it to your eternal Honour known,
That Men muſt bear your Frowns, whenever ſhewn
That they prefer All Countries to their own.

FINIS.